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THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

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ISABEL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. M. F. TUCKER.

As a lovely wild-wood flower,
Blooming in the dell,
Passed thy childhood's sinless hour,
Isabel.

Very few were those who knew her,
But they loved her well;
Added years brought beauty to her,
Isabel.

O'er her shoulders' waxen whiteness,
Raven ringlets fell;
Dust has fallen on their brightness,
Isabel!

Came at length a dashing lover,
Near her home to dwell;
With a heart sin-crusted over,
Isabel!

How he wooed and how he won her,
There is none to tell;
Angels wept thy fallen honor,
Isabel!

Yet when earthly friends forsook thee,
Spurning her who fell,
God, in mercy, came and took thee,
Isabel!

THE RUNAWAY MATCH.

A STORY IN FIVE PARTS.

BY HESTER HALLIWELL.

PART I.

s. Agatha Needham had lived in her house
he good old city of Nearford all her life,
ich was by no means a definite number of
ars, her own register saying forty-nine, and
nat of her baptism sixty-three. A niece of Mrs.
Agatha's (she *was* a maiden lady, and only
"Mrs." by courtesy) was the wife of a country
clergyman; and one of that lady's sons, a me-
dical student, came to Nearford to be an in-
mate of Mrs. Agatha's, whilst he "improved"
himself under Mr. Dicks, an eminent surgeon,
attached to Nearford Infirmary. Mrs. Agatha,
in correspondence with his parents, had stipu-
lated, before she would admit him, for his ob-
serving certain conditions—that he would never
smoke, would never speak to her two maid-
servants, except in her presence, would always
be in by ten o'clock at night, and in bed by
half-past. To all of which Mr. Thomas Elliot
vowed obedience, and said they were the exact
rules he had laid down for himself. So Mrs.
Agatha consented to receive him, and he ar-
rived. A dashing young man of twenty-one,
showy in dress, free in manner, but the pink of
quiet propriety in the presence of Mrs. Agatha.
He speedily became popular in Nearford, and
Mrs. Agatha grew intensely proud of him.

"My dear Thomas," she exclaimed to him,
one morning at breakfast, "what an extraordi-
nary smell of tobacco-smoke pervades the house
when you are in it."

"It does, ma'am; it's highly disagreeable.
Nearly makes me sick sometimes."

"But what can it proceed from, Thomas?"
pursued Mrs. Agatha, sniffing very much over
her muffin. "You assure me you do not
smoke."

"I smoke!" echoed Mr. Tom—"I touch a
filthy cigar! It comes from my clothes."

"How does it get into them?" wondered
Mrs. Agatha.

"They are such a set, aunt, at that infirmary
—have cigars in their mouths from morning
till night. Sometimes I can't see across our
dissecting-room for the smoke. Of course my
clothes get impregnated with it."

"Dear me, Thomas, how sorry I am for you!
But don't talk about dissecting-rooms, if you
please. The smell must also get into your
eyes, and hair, and whiskers!"

"So it does, uncommon strong. But I douse
my head into the big basin in a morning, and
that takes it off."

"The governors of the infirmary ought to be
reported to the lord-lieutenant," cried Mrs.
Agatha, warmly. "I never heard of anything
so shameful. How can they think of permit-
ting the patients to smoke?"

"It's not the patients, aunt," returned Mr.
Tom, smothering a grin. "What should bring
them into the dissecting-room: unless—ahem!
—they are carried there?"

"Then is it the doctors?"

"No; it's the pupils."

"Misguided youths!" ejaculated Mrs. Aga-
tha. "And you have to associate with them!
Never you learn smoking, my dear Thomas.
But about this smell: I really don't know what
is to be done. The maids commence coughing
whenever they enter your bed-room, for the
fumes of smoke there, they tell me, are over-
poweringly strong."

"Ah, I know they are. It's where all my
clothes hang."

"Suppose you were to get some lumps of
camphor, and sew them in your pockets," sug-
gested Mrs. Needham. "If it keeps fevers
from the frame, it may keep tobacco-smoke
from clothes. Get sixpen'orth, Thomas."

"I'll get a shilling's worth," said Tom.
"Though I fear its properties don't reach
smoke."

"Oh, Thomas, I forgot. Did you hear the
noise in the house last night?"

"Noise?" responded Mr. Tom.

"A noise on the stairs, like somebody bump-
ing up them. It was just two o'clock, for I
heard the clock strike. When Rachel came to
dress me this morning, she said it must have
been Minny racing after the mice. But I never
heard her make such a noise before. I hope it
did not disturb you?"

"Not at all, aunt," answered Tom, burying
his face in his handkerchief; "I never woke
till half an hour ago. Cats do make an awful
noise sometimes. I'm off to the infirmary."

"And you have eaten no breakfast! I can't
think what the lad lives upon."

In the hall, as Mr. Thomas was dashing
across it, he encountered the housemaid, a
pretty girl with cherry cheeks.

"Look here, sir," she said, "look what we
picked up this morning. If mistress had found
it instead of me and cook, whatever would you
have done?"

"My latch-key! I must have dropped it
when I came in, in the night, and never missed
it. But after a punch jollification, following on
a tripe supper, one's perceptive faculties are
apt to be obscured. That's a fact undisputed
in physics, Rachel, my dear." And as Tom
dropped the latch-key into his pocket, he ac-
knowledged his obligation to the finder in a way
of his own.

"Now, Mr. Thomas," remonstrated Rachel,
"I have threatened fifty times that I'd tell
missis of you, and now I will. You want to
get me out of my place, sir, going on in this
way."

"Do," cried Tom, "go and tell her at once.
And harkee, my dear, if you and cook get
talking to the old lady about the smoke in my
bed-room, I'll shoot the first of you I come
near. You should put the windows and door
open."

Just as the incorrigible Tom walked off, Mrs.
Agatha Needham opened the breakfast-room
door, and down dropped the maid upon her
hands and knees, and began rubbing away at
the oilcloth.

"Rachel! was that my nephew? Talking to
you?"

"Mr. Thomas has gone out, ma'am."

"Yes. Who was he talking to before he
went?"

"Talking to, ma'am? Oh, I remember; he
asked about his umbrella. I think he must
have left it in the infirmary, or at Mr. Dicks's."

"Asking a necessary question I will look
over," said Mrs. Agatha, "but should he ever
show a disposition to speak with you upon in-
different subjects, you will come off straight to
me, and report him, Rachel; for it is not al-
lowed."

"Very well, ma'am."

From the above specimen of Mr. Tom Elliot,
it may be wondered how he contrived to re-
main an inmate of Mrs. Agatha Needham's, *and*
continue in that lady's good graces. It was a
marvel to Tom himself, and he was wont to
say, in that favorite resort, the dissecting-
room, that though he had got on the ancient
maiden's blind side, he had more trouble than
enough to keep himself there.

One day sundry of the infirmary pupils were
assembled in the above-mentioned choice re-
treat. A looker-on might have described them
as being rather "jolly." There were seven of
them: four had short pipes in their mouths,
and the three others cigars, and they were
smoking away with all their might, Mr. Tom
Elliot being among them: while some pewter
pots of beer stood on the table.

"How did old Moss come out last night?"
inquired one, with a shock head of very red
hair, as he sat on a deal table and kicked his
feet against a neighboring wall. "Old Moss"
being a botanist, who was then giving lectures
in the city, which the infirmary pupils were ex-
pected to attend.

"What's the good of asking me?" respond-
ed Tom Elliot. "Pass the pot, Jones."

"I'd got a better engagement, and didn't
show," resumed the first speaker. "Were you
not there either, Elliot."

"I just was there. And got jammed close
to two of the loveliest girls I ever saw in all
my life. One of 'em is a prize."

"I say," cried Davis, one of the oldest of the
pupils, "who are those girls Tom Elliot's ra-
ving about?"

"Who's to know? There were fifty girls in
the room. Very likely they were the Thomp-
sons."

"Annihilate the Thompsons!" interrupted
Elliot; "the one's cross-eyed and the other's
sickly. D'ye think I don't know the Thomp-
son girls? These were strangers. At least, I
have never seen their faces at lectures before."

"Whereabouts did your two beauties sit?"

"About half-way up the room, on the left-
hand side," responded Tom, "Close under-
neath the astronomical map."

"I know!" shouted a youngster. "They
had got a big fat duenna between them hadn't
they?"

"Just so, little Dobbs. In a scarlet hat."

"A scarlet hat!" echoed Davis.

"Or a turban," added Elliot; "might be
meant for one or the other. A glaring red cone,
three feet high."

"Over a flaxen wig, which she puts in pa-
pers and makes believe it's her own hair," re-
joined little Dobbs. "It's their aunt."

"You insignificant monkey—*their* aunt!"
broke forth Elliot. "If you don't tell the
name without delay, I'll dissect you. You see
I'm expiring under the suspense."

"I don't think much of the girls myself,"
persisted the young gentleman, delighted to
exercise Elliot's patience. "The dark-eyed
one's the best, and that's Clara."

"Out of the way, Jones. Let me at him.
I'll Clara him."

"Hallo, Elliot! sit down," cried Davis.
"Dobbs, you young limb, if you cause this
confusion again, I'll turn you out. Keep still,
Elliot, and I'll tell you. They were his cousins,
the Blake girls, Clara and Georgy."

"That they were not," said Mr. Dobbs.
"They were the two Freers."

"Oh, the Freers," echoed Davis; they don't
often show. Old Bagwig keeps them up tight.
They are the prettiest girls in Nearford."

"Who's old Bagwig?" demanded Elliot.

"The papa Freer. As cute a lawyer as any
judge on the bench. He sports a wig with a
bag behind; the only relic of bygone days to
be seen in the town."

"I intend to monopolise one of those girls
for myself," announced Elliot.

"Phew! wish you joy of your chance. Bag-
wig's laying by sacks of gold and designs those
two female inheritors of it to marry on the top
of the ladder. Nothing under a foreign prince.
You'd never get admitted inside their house if
you tried for a year."

"I tell you that girl's a prize, and shall be
mine; and I'll bet you two crowns to one that
I'm inside their house within a week. Tell me
I can't get where I choose; you can't perhaps,"
added the audacious Elliot, drawing his hand-
some figure up, in his vanity.

"Done!" cried Jones.

"And I'll take him too," echoed Davis.
"Which of the two is the prize?"

"There's one with piercing dark eyes, giving
out wicked glances," answered Elliot. "And
splendid black hair."

"Yes. That's Clara."

"And a Roman sort of nose, and rosy pink
color."

"That *is* Clara."

"Tall; fine shape; lovely fall in her shoul-
ders," went on Elliot.

"Yes, yes, no mistaking Clara."

"Well then, it's not she."

"Now, Elliot, don't try on any gammon.
It must be the young one then, and that's
Loo."

"Hark! hush! listen will you! There's
Dick's voice, as I'm alive!"

The metamorphosis was like magic. Certain
overcoats of the pupils which lay in a heap in
a corner of the room, were raised, and the pew-
ter pots hidden under them; slops of beer, ra-
ther prevalent, were rubbed dry with handker-
chiefs; cigars and pipes all alight, were thrust
into side pockets; tables, as sitting places, were
abandoned; and when Mr. Dicks, M. R. C. S.,
entered, every student presented the appear-
ance of sober industry; some with the opera-
ting knifes, some buried deep in surgical books
of reference.

If fortune ever favored any venturesome
layer of bets, Tom Elliot was certainly the one
that day. On his return home in the afternoon,
he found Mrs. Agatha Needham cutting most
extraordinary capers. She was evidently in a
desperate state of excitement and anger. Tom's
conscience took alarm; he believed something
had come about himself, and felt as if a cold
bath had been dashed over him.

"Dear aunt, what is the matter?" he ven-
tured to ask, finding she did not speak, and
thinking silence might look like self-confes-
sion. "You are surely not taken with St.
Vitus's dance in the legs?"

"Never was such a thing heard of! never
was such a wicked act perpetrated! Rachel—
my bonnet and velvet mantle. Thomas, ne-
phew, don't stand peering at my legs. It's not
in them, it's in my mind."

Mr. Thomas sat down, completely cowed.
What on earth had come to light? The latch-
key—or kissing Rachel—or smoking in his
bed-room at night—or had that sexton——?
"By all that's awful, that must be it!" rea-
soned Tom. "The bungling fool has mistaken
me, and sent the thing home, and she and the
girls have turned Bluebeard's wife, and opened
the box." Tom's face began to stream down.
Whatever could he do?

"Has a—a case—been brought here, ma'am,
a heavy one?" he stammered. "I came home
on purpose, because there's been a mistake. It
belongs to Mr. Davis, senior student, and ought
to have gone to his lodgings. I'll get a man
and have it moved directly."

"Mercy, boy," cried Mrs. Agatha, "I don't
know anything about cases. If they had sent
a dozen here, I should never have seen them
to-day. There has been a wicked man here,
Thomas, that's what there has been. A law-
yer I believe he calls himself, and—that's right,
Rachel—I'll go and consult mine now."

Tom's spirits went up like mercury. "Then
I have not offended you, dear aunt! I feared
—I don't know what I didn't fear—that some-
body had been trying to traduce my character
to you."

"Child and woman have I lived in this house
for sixt—over forty years," went on Mrs. Aga-
tha, unheeding Mr. Tom's fears, "my own
leasehold property, and my father and mo-
ther's before me. And now an impious wretch
comes forward and says there's a flaw in the
lease, and I must turn out, and am responsible
for back rent! I'll go and consult the first
lawyer in the town. Come along with me,
Thomas."

"It's impossible, dear aunt. I have got six
hours work before me to-day: reading-up for
Mr. Dicks." The truth was he had made an
appointment for billiards.

"That's exceedingly vexatious. I should
like to have had you with me for witness. But
you are quite right, Thomas: never put your
studies aside for anything. I'll wish you good
afternoon. Rachel, if anybody comes, you
don't know when I shall be at home, for I am
gone to Lawyer Freer's."

"Lawyer Freer's!" screamed Tom, rushing
after his aunt, and nearly upsetting Rachel. Of
course you must have a witness, aunt, if you
are going there. Just wait one moment while
I slip on another coat and waistcoat."

"What's the matter with those you have
on?" demanded Mrs. Agatha.

"Oh—this is my professional suit. And
when I walk with you, I like to look as your
nephew ought."

"Dutiful lad!" aspired Mrs. Agatha. "He
shall not be a loser by his attachment to me."

Lawyer Freer was at home, and ensconced
Mrs. Agatha in his consulting-room. Her du-
tiful nephew slipped aside as they were going
in, and shut the door on the old lady and the
attorney. Mrs. Agatha was too full of her sub-
ject to notice, at first, the absence of her ne-
phew; and afterwards she would not disturb
the consideration of her case by calling for him.
They both concluded Mr. Tom was exercising
his patience in the company of the clerks in the
front office.

Not he. He was as daring as he was high,
and he went along the passage, peeping here
and peeping there, till he came to a room where
two young ladies were seated—his beauties of
the previous night. Clara, the eldest, a splen-
did girl; Louisa, (the prize,) prettier still, with
dancing eyes and shining curls.

"I beg pardon," cried Mr. Tom, as the young
ladies rose in surprise; "do not let me disturb
you. I am sent here to wait, whilst my aunt
holds a private consultation with Mr. Freer.
Mrs. Agatha Needham."

The young ladies bowed. They had a speak-
ing acquaintance with Mrs. Agatha, and hoped
she was well. Tom assured them she was very
well, went on talking upon other subjects, and
made himself entirely at home. Mr. Tom El-
liot had won his bet.

Mrs. Agatha Needham found her lease and
its flaw could not be settled by the lawyers.
The cause, in due time, was entered for trial, at
the March assizes, "Newcome *versus* Needham."
It caused an extraordinary sensation in Near-
ford: all the holders of leased property arguing
that if Mrs. Agatha Needham was disturbed in
her long and peaceful occupancy, where was
their security? As to Mrs. Agatha, it may be
questioned if she enjoyed a full night's rest
during the period of suspense. Nothing could
exceed the sympathy and interest evinced by
Tom Elliot in the affair: as Mrs. Agatha ob-
served, what she should have done without
him, she did not know. His legs were kept on
the run between his aunt's house and Lawyer
Freer's; and the numerous messages forwarded
by Mrs. Agatha nearly drove the lawyer wild.
She was fidgety, and Thomas pressed her on.

"Do you want my services with Mr. Freer,
this morning, aunt?"

"No, Thomas, I think not this morning."

"You'd do well to send to him, if only the
slightest message. No trouble to me. Those
lawyers require perpetual looking-up. They
are so apt to forget the interests of one client
in those of another. It's 'out of sight, out of
mind' with them."

"Very true, Thomas. Thank you. Go
down then to Mr. Freer; my compliments, and
I have sent to know if there's anything fresh.
But I am ashamed to give you this frequent
trouble."

"Trouble's a pleasure, aunt, when you are
concerned," responded Thomas.

"The comfort of possessing such a nephew!"
ejaculated Mrs. Agatha.

Tom flew off, but the stars were against him
that day. Lawyer Freer was out; so much
the better; for Tom could more safely find his
way to the young ladies, as he had now done
many and many a time. They had also taken
to look for him, and they saw him coming
down the street.

"Here's Mr. Elliot, Loo," observed Clara;
and a blush of satisfaction rose to her face, as
she turned from the window to a mirror and
smoothed her hair, here and there, with her
finger. Louisa did not answer, but a much
brighter blush rose to *her* face, and she bent
lower over the piece of drawing she was pre-
paring for her master. For Louisa, scarcely
eighteen, still had masters attending her, and
Clara, who was two years older, looked upon
her as a child. Child as she might be, though,
she had grown to *love* Tom Elliot.

Why did they both blush? somebody may
ask; surely they were not both in love with
him? Not exactly. Tom Elliot was a general
admirer, and whilst he had become really at-
tached to Louisa Freer, and had striven pri-
vately to gain her affections, he had evinced a
very fair share of admiration for Clara, partly
in homage of her beauty, partly to divert sus-
picion from her sister. And Clara Freer, who
had no objection in the world to receive admi-
ration from so handsome and popular a man as
Tom Elliot, certainly did not repel him.

"He's over head and ears in love," Clara
was proceeding to add; but her sister inter-
rupted her in a startling voice,

"In love! With whom?"

"With me," complacently replied Miss Freer,
"who else is there? His next move will be to
make me an offer—in his random way."

Louisa's heart beat fast against her side, and
her blood tingled to her fingers' ends.

"Make you an offer!" she gasped forth.
"Would you marry him?"

"Bless the child! I marry a medical stu-
dent, an embryo surgeon! I look a little higher
than that, Loo. But if Tom Elliot were as rich
in wealth as he is in attractions—why then you
might stand a speedy chance of being a brides-
maid. I know he adores me."

No more was said, for Tom entered, and be-
gan rattling away, after his own fashion. An
attractive companion he undoubtedly was.
Presently Miss Freer was called from the room
by a servant, upon some domestic affair.

"My dearest Loo," he whispered, as soon as
they were alone, "you look sad this morning.
What is it?"

"Oh, nothing," she answered, bursting into
tears. And Tom, all alive with surprise and
concern, clasped her in his arms, and was in
the very agreeable act of kissing off the tears,
when Clara returned. It was sooner than they
had expected her, and they were fairly caught.

Clara, her features naturally of a haughty
cast, could put on *a look* when she liked. Mr.
Elliot had never yet been favored with it;
but it shone out, in full force, as she imperi-
ously demanded an explanation from both of
them.

"The truth is, Miss Freer," said Tom, speak-
ing up like a man, "that I love your sister.
Until I saw her, all young ladies were alike to
me—that is, I was fond of them all. But now
she is the only one I care for, or ever shall care
for in the world. I did not intend this to come
out yet: and I hope you will keep our secret."

"And pray," returned Clara, boiling over
with rage and mortification, "when *did* you
intend it to come out, sir?"

"When? Not till I was well established in
my profession, and could ask for her as I ought
to do, of Mr. Freer."

"Clara," uttered the younger sister, her
tears falling fast in agitation, for she had read
the expression in the elder's eye, "for the love
of Heaven do not betray me to papa. Dear
Clara!"

"I shall acquaint your father instantly, as is
my duty," was the cold reply. "We shall
have a baby in leading-strings entangling it-
self in a matrimonial engagement next!"

"Clara, my dear sister—let me call you so
for the first, though I hope not for the last
time, be reasonable, be kind," said Mr. Elliot,
trying *his* powers of persuasion. But effectual
as they had hitherto proved with the young
lady, they failed now.

"What I can do to oppose your views on my
sister, I will do," she vehemently answered.
"You have played a traitor's part, Mr. Elliot,
in seeking her affections. I beg you to leave
the house at once, and you will never be ad-
mitted to it again."

"But, Clara," he remonstrated, "you——"

"I have told you to leave the house," she
reiterated, pale with anger. "If you do not
quit it this instant I shall ring for the servants
to show you out."

"Very well, Miss Freer," he said, all his
customary equanimity returning to him. "Lou-
isa, my darling," he impressively added, turn-
ing to her for a last farewell, "we may be
obliged to bend to circumstances and tempo-
rarily separate, but remember—come what
may, I will be true to you. Be you so to me.
Will *you* promise?"

"I will," she whispered; and Mr. Tom Elliot
bent down, and sealed it on her lips, regardless
of Miss Clara's energetic appeal to the bell.

Clara Freer made her own tale good to her
father, and Thomas made his good to Mrs.
Agatha. For in the violent indignation of the
attorney, he had informed that lady of her
nephew's having presumed to make love to his
daughter, and Mrs. Agatha, overwhelmed with
the first shock of the news, wrote off an impe-
rative summons to Tom's father, telling him to
post to Nearford, upon a matter of life and
death. Which summons brought the alarmed
parent flying at express speed.

Everybody who heard of the affair pronounced
them both a couple of simpletons. A medical
pupil of twenty-one, without any definite hopes
or money whatever, to have talked of mar-
riage, was ridiculously absurd; and for a young
lady, *with* money and prospects, to listen to
him, was more absurd still. The clergyman,
when he arrived, and found what the matter
was, wished to treat it as a joke, the lawyer
was too outrageous to treat it any way but in
earnest, while Tom strove to deny it to Mrs.
Agatha.

"There's nothing in it, dear aunt," he
pleaded; "don't you believe any of them."

"But Miss Freer affirms that she caught you
kissing her sister," persisted Mrs. Agatha.
"How do you account for that?"

"I'm sure I don't know how it is to be ac-
counted for," answered Tom, demurely. "I
believe I must have dropped asleep with my
eyes open, and done it in a dream. I was sit-
ting there, waiting for the lawyer to come in,
and had got tired to death."

Mrs. Agatha was staggered. She had not
much faith in those sort of dreams, but she
had great faith in Tom's word.

"Kissing is very bad, Thomas," she ob-
served, doubtingly.

"It's shocking," promptly answered Thomas.
"You cannot believe, ma'am, I should be guilty
of it—awake. Never tried to kiss any young
lady in all my life—except my sisters."

Not, however, to his father and Mr. Freer did
Thomas Elliot make a similar defence. To
them he told the truth boldly—that he was in
love with the young lady, and meant to marry
her if she would wait for him.

His impudence struck Lawyer Freer speech-
less.

"Sir," he stuttered to the parson, when his
tongue came to him. "I insist upon it that you
find means to stop this presumption of your
son's. You are a clergyman, sir, and must
feel that it is a disgrace to him, to my family,
and to the age we live in."

"I'll talk to him," responded the parson,
meekly. "I am sure he will hear reason."

So he took his graceless heir all alone into
the bed-room of the hotel where he put up,
and did "talk" to him. But Tom remained
as hard as flint, protesting that no father had a
right to control his son in the choice of a wife.

"You will find they have," angrily replied
Mr. Elliot, provoked to warmth, "I forbid
you—do you hear me—I *forbid* you to think
any more of this."

"I shall be sure to marry her in the end, if
it's twenty years to come," persisted Tom. "I
have told her so."

"At your peril," uttered Mr. Elliot—"at
the peril of disobedience. And deliberate dis-
obedience to a father never goes unpunished,
remember."

"I'll risk the punishment if ever I get the
luck," dutifully concluded Mr. Tom, to him-
self.

The Reverend Mr. Elliot returned to his
home, and matters went on quietly for a week
or two. Tom finding no opportunity of seeing
Louisa, except on Sundays: when he went to
St. Luke's, which was Mr. Freer's parish
church, and enshrined himself in a pew within
view of the lawyer's, always telling Mrs. Agatha,
who expected him to go to church with her,
that there was an unusual press of in-door
patients at the infirmary. Meanwhile the affair
was talked of abroad, and a country squire,
who was intimate with the attorney's family,
and very much admired Louisa, came forward
when he heard of it, and made her an offer,
fearing he might lose her. All the blame, be
it observed, was laid by everybody upon Tom
Elliot; Louisa got none. The proposal was
complacently received by Lawyer Freer, for
was a first-rate match for his daughter. , ,
like others, had not cast much repro to
Louisa, his indignation being concen on
the audacious infirmary pupil; and now that
the intimacy between the two was broken off,
the lawyer concluded the affair as at an end,
and so dismissed it from his mind.

"If I could have chosen from all the county
for you, Louisa, I should have fixed on Turn-
bull," observed the lawyer to his daughters.
"What do you say, Clara?"

Clara said nothing; she was sulky and cross.
She considered herself much handsomer than
that chit Louisa, yet all the offers were going
to her.

His rent-roll is two thousand pounds a
year, all clear and unencumbered. I had the
settlement of affairs last year, at his father's
death. You are a lucky child."

"I should not like to live in the country,"
timidly remarked Louisa, not daring to make
any more formidable obstacle.

"Not like—what, raise an objection to Turn-
bull Park! There's not a prettier spot—for its
size—in all the county!" cried the attorney.
"I wish *I* had the chance of living there."

"If Mr. Thomas Elliot were its owner, we
might hear less of objection to 'living in the
country,'" *very* spitefully exclaimed Miss
Freer.

"Thomas Elliot!" repeated the lawyer,
"hang Thomas Elliot." He looked inquiring-
ly from one to the other; Clara's face was pale
and severe, Louisa's burning. "Harkee, young
ladies," he said, "we will dispense with the
naming of that person in future. Had Louisa
not given him up, I would have discarded her
in disgrace. I would, on my solemn word.
Squire Turnbull dines here to-morrow, Clara.
Let the dinner be handsome."

Once more were the pupils assembled in a
private sanctum of the infirmary. Their pots
of porter were absent, but their careless jokes
were not.

"He is late this morning," observed Jones.
"Won't we have a shy at him when he comes."

"I wonder if he knows it?"

"Not yet," answered little Dobbs; "I'll bet
two bobs to one he doesn't. It was only through
my aunt Blake drinking tea there last night
that it came out."

At this moment, Tom Elliot entered, with a
cigar in his mouth.

"Well, Elliot," little Dobbs cried, "have
you heard the news?"

"I've heard no news."

"About a friend of yours," Davis interposed,
"going to be married!"

Mr. Elliot puffed on apathetically, and made
no reply.

"I say, Elliot," began Jones, again, "do
you know Turnbull?"

"I don't know any Turnbull," responded
Tom, who, as little Dobbs phrased it, seemed
"cranky" that morning.

"Turnbull of Turnbull Park. Drives iron-
gray horses in his drag?"

"Oh, that lot! A short, stout cove, looks a
candidate for apoplexy. Splendid cattle they
are."

"He's going into the matrimonial noose,
Elliot."

"He may go into another noose if he likes.
Who called him a friend of mine?"

"No, the lady's your friend. A clipper she
is, too."

"Only Elliot does think so. Oh, no, not at
all," cried Mr. Dobbs.

"Come, Elliot," Davis said, "guess who
Turnbull's going to splice with?"

"You, perhaps," was the sulky answer.

"I'll bet he *has* heard it," grinned Davis,
"he is so savage. It's your prize, little Loo
Freer."

"What?" shrieked Elliot.

"Squire Turnbull marries Louisa Freer. Set-
tlements are being drawn up, and wedding-
dresses made."

"A lie!" shouted Elliot.

"It's not," interrupted Jones; "it's true.
Dobbs's family have had the official announce-
ment, and—"

They were interrupted by a low whistle from
Davis.

"Silence, boys. I hear Dicks coming down
stairs."

Now I am not going to defend either Mr.
Tom Elliot or Miss Louisa Freer. On the con-

crazy, they deserve all the reproach that can be cast at them. They took alarm at the advances of Squire Turnbull, and planned a runaway marriage: though how they contrived to meet and consult, was a matter of wonder, afterwards, to Nearford. It probably appeared to both as the only certain way of extricating Louisa, but a more lamentably imprudent step was never taken.

Prudence, however, was no concern of Tom Elliot's: all he cared for was to get it accomplished, and he went to work in a daring and unusual way. He determined to marry her in her own parish church, and he ran up to London by the night mail, procured a license, and brought a confidential friend down with him, who entered with gusto into the secret, and enjoyed the fun. The incumbent of St. Luke's, a bachelor, and still a young man, was as much fitted for a parson as I am. He was given to following the hounds more than to following his parishioners, was fond of gentlemen's after-dinner society, but painfully awkward and nervous in the presence of ladies; good-natured, unsuspicious, the very man to be imposed upon by Tom Elliot.

Nearford assizes came on. And late on the evening of the first day, Monday, a confidential note from Lawyer Freer was delivered to the Reverend Simon Whistler, calling upon him to perform the marriage ceremony between his youngest daughter and Mr. Thomas Elliot the following morning at ten. Mr. Freer added a request that the matter might be kept strictly secret, for reasons of which he would himself inform him when they met the following day. Now, if the Reverend Simon had an objection to perform one part of his clerical duties, it was that of tying the nuptial knot. Baptisms he did not mind, burials he was quite at home in, but a gay wedding was his aversion, for the ladies and their fine clothes scared all his nerves and set them shaking. So he groaned aloud when he read the lawyer's letter, but was forced to resign himself to what there was no help for.

On Tuesday morning, at twenty-five minutes past nine precisely, Lawyer Freer bustled into the town-hall, in the wake of two counsellors, specially retained for Mrs. Agatha Needham. That lady herself, escorted by her nephew, and accompanied by several maiden friends, also arrived, just as the learned baron, who presided at *Nisi Prius*, took his seat. With difficulty places were found for Mrs. Needham's party, for the court was crammed, all the town being anxious to hear the great cause tried.

"And now, aunt, as you are comfortably fixed, I'll be off to the infirmary for an hour. It's my day to go round the wards with the surgeons."

"Why, Thomas!" uttered the startled Mrs. Agatha, "you'll never think of leaving us unprotected! Mr. Dicks will excuse you on so important an occasion as this. Those gentlemen in wigs are staring here very unpleasantly already. How extremely ugly they are!"

"Staring are they!" cried Tom. "I'll go and stop that. Just one moment, aunt; you'll take no harm. Back in a brace of shakes."

At ten o'clock the Rev. Mr. Whistler was in St. Luke's vestry, putting on his surplice. He had not to wait long for the wedding party. It consisted only of Mr. Elliot, Louisa Freer (in her every-day clothes, and a thick black veil), and a strange gentleman as groomsman.

"This is sadly unfortunate, Mr. Whistler," began Tom, in his off-hand manner; "my aunt's cause is on, and everybody's at it. Mrs. Agatha is in court, Miss Freer, and other witnesses. Mr. Freer of course is obliged to be there. He's excessively annoyed, charged me with his compliments to you, and trusted that his absence would make no essential difference.

The parson bowed, inwardly blessing the great cause, "Newcome vs. Needham." He had anticipated a string of ladies as long as the aisle, with a proportionate show of veils and feathers. He never performed the marriage service so glibly in his life—and he thought he had never seen a bride tremble more violently.

The fees were paid, the register signed, and the parties left the church. At the entrance, which was situated, like the church, in an obscure neighborhood, stood a post-chaise and four. Mr. Tom Elliot, clearing a way through the collection of young nurses and infants there assembled, placed his bride in it, followed her in, banged to the door, and off dashed the post-boys at a gallop.

"Never accomplished a feat more cleverly in my life," chuckled Tom. "Loo, my darling, all the fathers in Christendom shan't separate us now."

The stranger, meanwhile, after watching the chaise fairly away, returned to the vestry, and addressed the clergyman.

"Mr. Freer's compliments, sir, and he begs you will be at his house at seven to-night, to celebrate the wedding."

Mr. Whistler replied in the affirmative, though not without hesitation. He had a horror of evening parties, and concluded this was nothing less than a dance. But he did not like to refuse on such an occasion.

It was seven that evening when Mr. Freer returned home, having snatched a hasty dinner off a pocket sandwich in the guildhall. Clara had got tea ready on the table, with a nice ham, for she knew what her father's dinners on assize days were.

"Well, papa," she said, "is it over? How's the verdict?"

"For Mrs. Needham, of course," replied Lawyer Freer, throwing aside his wig and bag, for he was addicted, when fatigued, to sitting in private life in his bald head. "I knew we should have it. There was a clapping of hands in court when it was delivered. Just get me my slippers, Clara. Where's your sister?"

"She went out after breakfast. Telling Nancy she was going to court with Mrs. Stevens, and might not be at home till late."

"Told Nancy she was going into court!" repeated the amazed lawyer, pausing in the act of pulling off his boots. "*My* daughter to appear in a public assize court! If Squire Turnbull should hear—— Good Heavens, Louisa must be out of her mind. And where were my eyes that I did not see her? Ring the bell, Clara."

"I thought it very extraordinary, papa," rejoined Clara, not sorry to get her sister into a row.

"Nancy," cried the lawyer, in a fume, when the housemaid appeared, "go instantly to Mrs. Stevens! Ask to speak to Miss Louisa, and tell her it is my desire that she return home with you immediately. Stay—call at Ford's and take a fly: go in it and return in it. A pretty night assize night is, for women to be in the streets," muttered the discomfited lawyer.

No sooner had Nancy departed than there came a rat-tat-tat to the street-door, and in walked the Rev. Mr. Whistler, ushered in by the cook, who, to her own mortification, happened that day, of all days in the year, not to have "cleaned" herself. The lawyer stared, and Clara stared, for the parson had arrayed himself in evening attire, white kid gloves, silk stockings, tights and pumps. He went all over as red as his hunting-coat, and sat down dreadfully embarrassed, feeling convinced he had mistaken the night, and ready to swear—if he had not been a parson—at his own stupidity. Clara asked if she would take a cup of tea, and he stammered that he would, though he hated tea like poison.

"You must allow me to congratulate you, sir," he began, believing he was expected to say something about the wedding, and clearing his throat to help overcome his diffidence. "I was sorry not to have had that pleasure this morning."

Lawyer Freer knew of no cause for congratulation save the verdict in favor of Mrs. Agatha Needham. "Thank you," he said, "it is not a pleasant thing to lose a cause."

The parson expected his host to say daughter, and if the word sounded to his ear like cause, he attributed it to his own bewilderment.

"Indeed it is not," answered the parson. "I remember when my sister was married, my mother and the bridesmaids cried all day."

The attorney looked up with undisguised astonishment, and Miss Freer was certainly laughing. He felt sure it was at those wretched tights, and pushed his legs back under his chair, as far as he could without overbalancing himself.

"Were you amused in court to-day?" was his next question, addressing Miss Freer.

"In court! I!" cried Clara.

"It was her sister who went," broke in the lawyer—"my youngest daughter. Clara would not have acted so indiscreetly. Louisa's not come home yet."

"Your youngest daughter went to the hall to-day!" echoed the clergyman, staring in his turn. "That is rather—rather uncommon—is it not?"

"Uncommon? It's unpardonable."

"And Mr. Elliot. Was he there too?"

"Mr. Elliot!" roared the attorney, firing at the name, "I don't know anything about Mr. Elliot. What's Mr. Elliot to me?"

"A—a—a—no quarrel, or misunderstanding, I hope, since the morning!" cried the parson, hopelessly mystified.

"Not that *I* am aware of, sir," coldly answered the offended attorney.

"I supposed they were leaving the town to-day," returned Mr. Whistler. "Indeed, I believed they had left it."

Mr. Freer considered, and concluding the "they" must have reference to the learned judges, he made no remark.

At that moment the cook put her head into the room. "Mrs. Agatha Needham's compliments—she was sorry to trouble Mr. Freer on the subject, but did he know anything of her nephew? He had left her in a mysterious way in the morning, as soon as she got into court, and nothing had been heard or seen of him since."

"I know nothing of him," growled the lawyer—"*nothing*. My respects to Mrs. Needham herself."

Before the cook could turn away with the message, a fly was heard rattling up to the door, and in came Nancy. "Mrs. Stevens's kind regards to Mr. and Miss Freer: she had been at home all day, but Miss Louisa had not called." The lawyer was seriously disturbed now.

"You may rely upon it, sir," interposed the clergyman, "that there is some misunderstanding, and they are gone."

"Gone! who gone? gone where?" said the host in agitation. "Were your mind in a sane state, you should be brought to account for your vile insinuations."

"You appear to take me for a madman, sir, but I think, if anybody's mad, it's yourself," retorted the clergyman, growing more perplexed with every sentence. "I have not insinuated a breath against your daughter. But what more natural than that she should leave town with her husband?"

"And pray, sir," Mr. Freer cried, with forced calmness, "as you say my daughter has got a husband, perhaps you will inform me when she was married, and who married her?"

"Why *I* married her, sir: married her this morning to Mr. Tom Elliot. Married them at your own request, sir."

Lawyer Freer sat down in a chair, and broke out into a white heat.

"What do you suppose, sir, brought me here to-night, in these kick-shaw things," cried the unhappy parson, "but your own invitation to celebrate their marriage?"

"Oh, papa," screamed Clara, "I see it all! Tom Elliot and Louisa are married."

"Married, Miss Freer, what should hinder them? Here's your papa's note—'Mr. Freer presents his compliments,' and so on—requesting me to perform the ceremony at ten this morning, which I did," said Mr. Whistler, thrusting his hands into his pockets for the note. Alas! he was in momentary oblivion of having sported the uncomfortable tights: the note was in the pantaloons he had left at home.

Clara Freer went off into strong hysterics, and the lawyer into an explosion of strong expletives. The clergyman came in for his share of the latter. Mr. Freer insisting that he ought to have ascertained whether the note really came from him, before marrying a child like Louisa to a graceless medical student.

"How could I suspect anything wrong?" humbly deprecated the Reverend Simon. "The handwriting was like a lawyer's, and of course I thought it was yours. I heard some time ago that Mr. Elliot was paying his addresses to one of your daughters, so that when the note came, it seemed a natural sequence. I am very sorry now, and would join in undoing the wedding if I could. Is it any use following them? I'll go in pursuit for one if you like, sir. My hunter's as fresh as a daisy to-night."

"Pursuit!" reiterated the irritated Lawyer Freer. "Eight o'clock at night, and ten hours' start! what use do you think pursuit would be, now? And I would advise you, sir, as a lawyer, not to countenance these clandestine matches in future, or your bishop may stop your power to perform them in a way you won't like."

"I wish he would," answered the browbeat parson—"I wish he'd unlicense St. Luke's for marriages. I'd rather do fifty funerals, all in a day, than one wedding. I would indeed."

So Mr. Tom Elliot got clear off with his prize.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1858.

All the Contents of THE POST are set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS.

The subscription price of THE POST is $2 a year in advance—served in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number.

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States Postage.

THE POST is believed to have a larger country subscription than any other Literary Weekly in the Union, without exception.

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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A CONSTANT READER asks the best mode for preventing chucking hens from sitting—will some one tell him? The only way we know is the old one of ducking in the horse-trough. He also wants to know what hatters use to make the silk covering of a hat adhere. Isn't it gum tragacanth? And is not our correspondent wrong in supposing a silk hat absolutely water-proof? Its water-proof quality depends, we guess, entirely on the amount of the soaking it gets.

A GOOD TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.

We begin this week a brilliant and well developed Novelet—entitled "The Runaway Match"—which we can safely commend to our young readers, both for its interest and its moral. It will run through five numbers of the paper.

The opening of this Novelet will be an excellent time to commence a subscription to THE POST, on the part of the many thousands, especially in country places, who we hope wish to enrol themselves upon our list. Those desirous of beginning their subscriptions with the interesting Novelet of "A WOMAN'S LOVE AND A WIFE'S DUTY," can be accommodated to some extent, as we have a few copies of the early numbers still on hand. It was begun in our paper of August 14th.

Our arrangements for the coming year are of a highly attractive character—and will be duly announced when completed. We are determined to maintain for THE POST the high reputation it has acquired as "the best literary newspaper in the country." Avoiding mere clap-trap and Laura-Matilda stories, composed by authors of trifling literary merit, we design giving our readers the very best Novels, Stories, Essays, Letters, and general miscellaneous matter that can be procured.

The price of THE POST—especially to clubs—is so low—lower, we believe, than that of almost any other paper of the same size—that any one, we should think, could easily succeed in forming a club among his acquaintances. An individual starts out, for instance, to get a club at $1,25 a-piece; if he gets four names at that price, including his own, it is sufficient; while if he gets eight names, *not* including his own, he gets the paper himself for nothing. Gentlemen or ladies can thus supply themselves with THE POST for a year, by simply taking a little trouble. Besides, they know that they are not aiding in the circulation of reading that will enervate or corrupt, but of that which will invigorate and enlighten the community.

THE GRASSHOPPERS.—The cry comes from the counties of New Jersey and Pennsylvania which lie adjacent to this city—the grasshoppers are upon us! And would they were only *grasshoppers*—for they not only hop over but consume buckwheat, potatoes, cabbages, and almost everything else that is green, save young men and young women. In some districts the second crop of clover is entirely destroyed, the fields looking bare and brown as if a mowing machine had passed over them, cutting the grass close to the ground. We hope, however, the late heavy rains and succeeding cool weather have abated the nuisance a little.

TIFFANY & Co., the celebrated jewellers, in order to satisfy a great public demand, have purchased the remainder of the Cable on board the Niagara, eighty miles, to sell in small pieces.

Eighty miles of cable will make about 400,000 pieces a foot long, or 1,600,000 pieces three inches long—plenty for the whole country, and the "rest of mankind." Who wants a piece of the cable—speak quick—only 1,600,000 pieces on hand, and selling briskly.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

The telegraphic communications between Queen Victoria and President Buchanan, were given in a large portion of our edition last week. Perhaps, however, they are of sufficient importance to insert in this week's paper, even at the certainty of their being old reading to many of our subscribers. The Queen's message was about 24 hours in being forwarded, and the President's about 48 hours—being at the rate of three to four words an *hour*. Of course, however, this includes the stoppages. The public are not informed yet at what rate the telegraph works while in operation, but probably it does not exceed, at most, three or four words a minute. The operators, up to the time of the present writing, however, have been very uncommunicative upon the subject. The *Boston Advertiser* says that "in the passage of an electrical signal across the ocean—not only is an appreciable time consumed, but the signal itself changes, in a degree, its original character. It is, so to speak, stretched out. A signal which, on a short line, would seem perfectly sharp and prompt, takes the form of a long wave, and requires from six to ten seconds to declare itself between the beginning of its effect and its end. Between what such a signal would be at the end of a short wire, and what it is at the end of the Atlantic wires, there is somewhat the same difference as between the shortest blast of a whistle, and a note drawn out with the swell of an organ, to the length of six or even ten seconds. A distinct feature is to be observed in the swell of the prolonged signal. It has most force in the middle of its period, and gains and loses that force gradually. The ordinary instruments in use for telegraphing are not adapted to such peculiarities in the electric signals, and therefore material alterations will have to be made. Hence the delay."

The longest submarine telegraph cable yet operated is that between Europe and Africa, and though that is short in comparison with this, yet it is able to transmit but two or three words a minute. It is further said that the power of the electric current through the Mediterranean wire has already decreased nearly 12 per cent., and that the power still diminishes as the age of the wire increases. It is reasonably to be supposed, however, that all these difficulties will be ultimately overcome.

The following is the Queen's despatch to the President:—

"VALENTIA, via TRINITY BAY.

"*To the Hon. the President of the United States:*

"Her Majesty desires to congratulate the President upon the successful completion of that great international work, in which the Queen has taken the deepest interest.

"The Queen is convinced that the President will join with her in fervently hoping that the Electric Cable, which now connects Great Britain with the United States, will prove an additional link between the nations whose friendship is founded upon their common interest and reciprocal esteem.

"The Queen has much pleasure in thus communicating with the President, and renewing to him her wishes for the prosperity of the United States."

Some of the papers find considerable fault with the composition of the above despatch, but we think rather unjustly. To be sure there is nothing very remarkable about it—it calls the President an "Honorable" when it should style him an "Excellency," or, still better, simply "The President;" and terms a long cable a "link"—but it is friendly, apparently sincere, and there is no attempt at literary convulsions about it. The following is

THE PRESIDENT'S REPLY.

"The President of the United States cordially reciprocates the congratulations of her Majesty, the Queen, on the success of the great international enterprise, accomplished by the science, skill and indomitable energy of two countries.

"It is a triumph more glorious, because more useful, than was ever won by the conqueror of the field of battle. May the Atlantic Telegraph Company, under the blessing of Heaven, prove to be a bond of perpetual peace and friendship between the kindred nations, and an instrument destined by Divine Providence to diffuse religion, civilization, liberty and law throughout the world.

"In this view, will not all the nations of Christendom spontaneously unite in the declaration that it shall be forever neutral, and that its communications shall be held sacred in passing to the places of their destination in the midst of hostilities?

"WASHINGTON, Aug. 16, 1858."

The President's reply is also very well. If we were inclined to be captious, we might question—peace-man as we are—that the laying of the Atlantic Telegraph is "a triumph more glorious, because more useful, than was ever won by the conqueror of the field of battle." We might also suggest that the word "Company" should have been omitted when speaking simply of the "Atlantic Telegraph"—and, further, that it is very doubtful that said Telegraph will ever play the conspicuous part of diffusing "religion, civilization, liberty and law *throughout the world*." The President's dispatch however, as we have said, will do very well under the circumstances—and, if we have taken a little more exception to it than to the Queen's, it is only because it is somewhat more ambitious in its style, and neither quite so commonplace on the one hand, nor unexceptionable on the other, as that which came from her royal majesty of England.

New York went into her usual, systematic spasms upon the reception of the news of the laying of the Cable, the reception of the Queen's message, the arrival of the Niagara, the landing of Mr. Field, and the landing of Captain Hudson,—five separate and distinct spasms—which are to be outdone, however, it is said, by one grand convulsion on the first of September next. If the excitable people of that city could only be kept by the means of midnight murders, political triumphs, wonderful achievements, and the glorification of great moral, intellectual, and pugilistic heroes, in one long-continued, ever-enduring spasm, they might live happy. As it is, they manage to get a great deal more clap-trap eloquence, sky-rockets, waving of flags, powder-burning, and glorious illuminations into this transitory life, than any one, not a Gothamite, would consider possible. The Apostle advises men to "Be sober, and to mind their own business"—but the New Yorkers conform to a directly opposite maxim, and seem to be always spiritually drunken about every other body's business. Their newspapers, too, true representatives of the people, seem to live in an atmosphere of inquisitiveness and convulsions. We warrant there was not a pea-nut vender who ran up a little piece of shirting, with an "appropriate" inscription upon it, in Broadway, during the late glorifications, but that has had the glorious achievement duly recorded in some paragraph of the something less than forty or fifty columns devoted by the leading dailies to the subject. Naturally enough, the bonfires and illuminations culminated in the burning of the City Hall—which conflagration is put down as an accident, but which it is more reasonable to suppose was simply a result of the exuberance of New York enthusiasm. The *Tribune* hints that it was Corruption—but we adhere to the Enthusiastic explanation. Why not burn up their City Hall in honor of the greatest achievement and greatest heroes of the age? It is New Yorkish all over—and we expect to see the burning of expensive buildings on great occasions, not only established before long in New York as a regular custom, but given as a proof by the New York press of the superior enterprise and liberality of their fellow citizens to all other communities.

Well, success to the Atlantic Telegraph, say we—and quite as heartily as if we had just come from the burning of two tar-barrels to its glory. May it do all that the most enthusiastic hope towards the civilizing and evangelizing of the world. It is a great material conquest—may it conduce to an equally great moral and spiritual one. In the order of nature it would seem that it ought so to work—and the general recognition of this truth would seem to indicate that it will so work. But sometimes in the apparent triumph of the soul over the brute forces of nature, it would seem that the conqueror became somehow the slave of what it had subdued—so that the civilization of the nineteenth century, though it produces greater *inventors*, cannot produce as great MEN, as the comparatively "unprogressive" eras that have gone before it. In the thought that the present may be merely a transition state, lies some consolation.

SINGULAR FACT.—In the course of a recent article upon Mr. Dickens's matrimonial difficulties, our neighbors of *The Press* make the following somewhat startling assertion:—

Brought up among literary people, Miss Hogarth had almost an instinctive liking for Charles Dickens, even before he put that important question, to which the fair sex so rarely have an opportunity of twice saying "No." The marriage was considered a very suitable one, by the mutual friends of both of the principals, and produced several children,—*the eldest nearly a man in years, and quite a man in mind and body.* To the eye of the world, Charles Dickens and his wife appeared a happy couple.

That they should have "appeared a happy couple" after the birth of such a marvellous child—"nearly a man in years, and quite a man in mind and body"—is surely something to be wondered at! And if Mrs. Dickens continued as she is represented to have begun, it was surely enough to startle a man of moderate means, and compel him to some "amicable arrangement."

—But perhaps we have misconceived *The Press*. The editor may have written, "the eldest *being at this time* nearly a man in years, and quite a man in mind and body"—and the compositor, with that fatal facility at making mistakes for which his class is so remarkable, have omitted the qualifying words.

CURIOUS STATE OF AFFAIRS.—We sent a check to one of our city banks the other day, requesting the amount, about thirty dollars, in five-dollar-notes. The messenger came back with gold and silver, and said the bank declined to give notes—"they had so much gold and silver that they did not know what to do with it."

Last year, a little later than this, everybody was on the hunt after gold and silver coin, as if it were the only thing that stood between them and perdition—now, many of the banks have so much on hand, they are puzzled to know what to do with it. An amusing state of affairs truly!

A year ago, about nine out of ten of our statesmen and politicians would have declared, that as soon as a state of affairs like the present could be brought about, the country would have reached anew the top round of prosperity. Well, here we are. Plenty of money—yes, of the regular solid coin, the genuine article—for those who can get hold of it—but trade and business are not in the full tide of success, by a great deal. Such facts as these are continually proving how little is really yet understood of the principles of political economy.

LITERATURE IN ENGLAND.—Some years ago, it was a matter of common complaint among the literary men of England, that the literary class were not held in due honor in that country, as they were in France and Germany. However true that may have been then, it is evident that is not so now. Bulwer and Disraeli are now in the English Ministry; while the House of Commons contains several members who first made their mark in the world of literature.

Another instance of the respect now paid to distinguished authors by our English cousins, is to be found in the recent appointment of Mr. G. P. R. James to the Consulate-General of Venice and the Adriatic. This is the very best Consulate the Crown of England can bestow, and has generally been reserved for a brother or other near relative of the Foreign Minister in office at the time it became vacant. The last occupant was the late Captain Harris, Lord Malmesbury's brother. The offer of such a lucrative post to Mr. James, proves the high estimate placed upon his literary career by the Minister of Foreign Affairs and the British public.

THE NEW COMET is not the long-expected comet of Charles V.—so says M. Babinet, of the French Institute. "The present comet advances very slowly, and will be in the midst of its apparition on the 5th or 6th of September next. It goes towards the west: whereas the comet of Charles V. went towards the east, so that they can no more be confounded than the mail from Brest can be confounded with that from Strasburg." We hope our contemporaries therefore will no longer confound these two comets. In fact, it is very disrespectful to *confound* a comet.

COMFORT FOR THE BLOOMERS.

It appears that the Bloomers have found some Scriptural difficulty in their dress deform, which one of their "organs" states thus:—

"Some persons who object to the reform dress find grounds of objection in the Bible. They say women have always worn long dresses, and neither any of the Prophets, nor Christ and his Apostles, said anything against the practice. If any argument could be drawn from that book to justify woman in attiring her person as Dress Reformers do, they would yield the point."

But this objection is now happily disposed of—for the editor of said "organ," a Miss Austin, refers to a copy of the first English translation of the Bible, now in possession of a "Scotch Jacobite"—probably son of Jacob—in Canada, which, speaking of our first parents, after the Fall, says—"*They made for themselves breeches of fig-leaves.*" Miss Austin adds, with amusing seriousness, and considerable knowledge of tailoring—"I have no doubt this rendering is just. It is natural to suppose they would have made garments of that form rather than aprons. And probably the breeches were made something alike for both." And triumphantly concludes—"So ours is the *conservative* dress, and we must fasten upon the advocates of long skirts the charge of innovation."

But, do we correctly apprehend Miss Austin, that the nearer the Bloomers approach the primitive fig-leaf pattern, the more Scriptural, "conservative" and becoming they are? Certainly the skirts of such dresses would be very little in the way.

CONUNDRUM FOR A NEW YORKER.—Which is the largest mite, in its own estimation, in the whole world? A Gothamite. See the recent telegraphic despatch from the Lord Mayor of New York to the Lord Mayor of London, congratulating the latter upon "the successful laying of the Atlantic Cable, uniting the continents of Europe and America, *and the cities of London and New York.*"

Query: How does the Atlantic Cable unite London and New York, more than London and five hundred other towns and cities?

MR. DICKENS'S LETTER.—The letter from Mr. Dickens relative to his unhappy matrimonial difficulties, which we publish this week, will do much to relieve that gentleman's m from the calumny which the first reports upon the subject had fastened upon it. It w now appear that both parties were more unfortunate and unhappy than greatly ex See our Paris letter upon the subjec gives, as is almost self-evident, the onl and reasonable account of the whole ma published.

MAHAN'S ILLUSTRATIONS OF FASHIONS.—F. han, 720 Chestnut street, has issued col plates of the Fall and Winter Fashions. t advertisement.

LETTER FROM GRACE GREENWOOD.

DOWAGIAC, Michigan, August 10th, 1858.

Mr. Editor of the Saturday Evening Post:

I paused last week on the threshold of my old home. Of a kindly-looking woman who came to the door, we begged leave to look at some of the rooms. She readily consented and led us over the house.

Oh, how crowded was every room with home-memories, happy and painful!—how through door after door, came vivid visions of beloved ones, now far removed, estranged or dead!—This was the family room, where we gathered for morning and evening prayers—where we ate, where we children read, told stories, and played games, on merry winter nights! Those are the windows out of which we have so often watched for the return of our parents, or the coming of guests. There is the mantel against which we used year after year to measure our height—impatient to climb into the cares and toils of "grown-up folks." On that little shelf stood the clock, true, steady-going friend, whom yet we often chided for haste or delay. This was mother's room—dearest room of all the house—blessed asylum for us in all our little troubles and distresses! This was grandmother's room. Within it still sits a sweet, placid vision of beautiful old age. Here I once lay in a long, weary dream of pain and fear and wild grotesque imaginings, which they told me was a course of fever.

Nothing in all the house looked so familiar as the stairway, by which we children used to go to our beds at night, reluctantly, though noddingly, and descend in the morning joyously, noisily. There seemed no change in the little worn steps, partly worn by *our* feet. My mother lingered upon them, hearing in her heart, I doubt not, the pattering of those eager little feet, now beginning to grow very weary and falter in the forced march of life. The chambers, too, were unchanged—the beds where *our* beds used to stand. I could not help it—I looked around yearningly, almost expectantly, for my brothers and sisters.

Next to these, the pantry looked most familiar. As I saw my mother, its once gracious guardian and tutelary divinity, standing therein, I declare I was on the point of begging for a piece of bread and butter at her hands.

The yard we found much changed—doubtless to other eyes than ours, improved. It had been divided, its former bounds and those of the garden almost lost; nothing but the dear old trees remained as in our time—they were the same, save in size. One odd, misshapen apple tree, which was my peculiar property, my sylvan retreat, my airy asylum, library and playhouse, was so little altered that I could have embraced it, as I did when as a child I parted from it. So strange it seemed to stand under it now, with *my* child by my side, and with wild, childish impulses bubbling up fresh in my heart, to gaze off toward my old haunts in the orchard, by the pond, in the wood upon the hill, in meadow and lane and pasture, to feel that but for that dear incumbrance, that precious little clog, that beautiful anachronism, I would be among them again, just as of old.

The barn, to my grief, proved a modern structure—not the venerable brown temple of Ceres in which I had spent so many golden hours in the *heyday* of life—playing at hide-and-seek, hunting hens' eggs, watching the threshers and the fanning mill, petting the horses, and jumping from "the great beam,"

half-burying myself in the soft hay and sweet clover.

I could not again tread the seedy floor upon which we children and our neighbors' children gathered, with a few grown boys and girls to keep us "straight," (*they* often most needed looking after,) for the grand autumnal "husking-bee." Very pleasant times we had, and peaceable, though we did indeed all "get by the ears." Ah, doubly golden are the pumpkin pies, doubly rosy are the apples, doubly sweet the doughnuts, as I look back upon them now! I hear again the merry songs that then shook the light laughter from my heart, and ghost stories and Indian legends which made me glance with vague fear at shadowy corners, and up into the fragrant darkness of the hay-mow.

Now never again could I cross that wide door-sill, over which it was one of my chief summer joys to ride, perched on a load of hay or golden sheaves. Ah, the pleasant, prepared-for shock, the expected, but ever fresh surprise, the soft, delicious jolt!

As we turned from the house and passed out of the gate, we remembered with strange vividness, that time when we had gone out of it last, weeping to leave our pleasant home, and the sorrowful group of friends and neighbors whose faces we were to behold no more. And we thought of *one*, the head and guardian of our wandering flock, carrying all our cares and sorrows in his great, faithful heart; and we felt that he was beside us again—walked with us through that gateway—no longer oppressed with mortal care and sadness, but filled with the unspeakable peace of the divine life.

My last look was on the wood where the happiest hours of my childhood were passed, from the earliest spring-days, when I accompanied my brothers thither to make sugar from the maple-trees, till the heavy snows of winter choked up the forest paths. Here I found the first spring-flowers—Hepaticas of a pale, hesitating blue—Sanguinarias which were like blossomed snow—the Erythronium, whose aureate, sensuous splendor was a sumptuous prophecy of summer—clouds of blue violets on sunny knolls—drifts of white violets in the hollows, and dainty little Claytonias, streaked like the dawn, and fragrant as a breath of Eden. I have since found Claytonias in other woods, but their tinting was faint, and their perfume insipid. Has the flower degenerated? or has the physical or the soul-sense failed?

If, in speaking of our old neighbors, I have only touched upon the eccentric or ludicrous points by which I best remember them, it is not that those honest people were wanting in traits yet more worthy of remembrance. But a sense of the ludicrous has ever been my weak point, my besetting sin. I cry "*peccavi!*" but I sin again directly.

Other friends we had about us whose memory is only pleasant and precious; kindly, sympathetic men and women, ready and willing in all good offices—filled with that concentrated human kindness, that practicalized Christianity called "neighborly feeling," a simple, hum-drum virtue, unknown in the city, but which, thank Heaven, is as common in the country as fresh air and summer sunlight.

We returned to the village, took tea with some new acquaintances, who manifested towards us all the warmth and kindly interest of old friends—then reluctantly bade adieu to place and people, and departed for Pompey, with some relatives who had driven down for us. Late as it was we stopped several times on the way to appear unto old friends whom we soon left in a half-joyful, half-melancholy maze. One dear school-mate, now a wife and mother, gave me one bewildered look, then joyfully exclaimed, "Oh, I know that woman!" "That *little girl* you mean," I replied. She afterwards said that she recognized me by my mouth. There must be something very peculiar in that feature, as neither portrait painter nor newspaper-limner ever passes it without an extra brush. One of the latter once declared it was so decidedly unique that he would know it instantly, under any circumstances, even should he "meet it on the street, *unaccompanied by any other feature.*"

It was almost dark when we passed the burying-ground on the hill, and our old home—sacred shrines of memory, love, and sorrow—and reached the house of our cousins. Ah, how small and quaint looked the old homestead which I had once thought so spacious and fine! and how its glory had departed, with the row of Lombardy poplars, which once stood as sentinels before it, challenging the winds.

In the morning, we made an early pilgrimage to the grave-yard.

Here we found our old friends, a goodly company, lying at rest, their gleaming gravestones like white signals, thrust up into the light, that we might not pass them unaware.

But we went first with sad haste, to two lonely mounds, in a far corner, where sleep a son and a brother, a daughter and a sister. Of what we felt there I cannot write.

A sweet-briar planted above those graves more than thirty years ago, we found alive and in bloom. The apparent deathlessness of this flower filled me with solemn wonder. It seemed a divine memorial of the beauty and sweetness of their lives, a conscious, constant type and testimony of their immortality.

Near the gateway, I came upon the grave of a dear play-mate, whose death was one of the first sorrows of my childhood. The little mound seemed shorter and lower than of old, and a multitude of daisies covered it, like a winding-sheet, a white pall. How vividly I now remembered that death—the sharp shock, the slow realization, the long grief, and the tender awe which transfigured the child's dear memory into something heavenly sweet and holy. An importunate cry arose in my heart—Oh, little Martha!—angel-maiden!—answerest thou yet to thine early name, to thine early loves?—knowest thou this grave, and me?

My little daughter played merrily among the grassy mounds, finding flowers and wild strawberries—seeing only beauty and joy. The child is wiser—I thought—than we, who tread softly, speak low and weep;—wise with the wisdom of the angels, who look upon "God's Acre" as a garden of immortal promise, from whose sad soil shall arise the divine efflorescence of human love, the fructescence of earthly joy.

Returning, we stopped at the home, my birth-place. Alas, it was like beholding the decapitated body of a friend—for the house was gone! The trees and shrubs of the garden and yard were still growing, but in a rank, mournful luxuriance—even the foundations and cellar were thickly overgrown with grass, vines, branches and roses. I had long known that the house had been torn, or rather *helped* down, after falling into a state of utter decay, yet that green void gave a strange shock to my heart, a bitter, unreasoning pain.

We gathered a few roses which seemed to have grown half-wild, and lost much of the home-look and perfume, and lingered for a while in the kindly shadow of the old trees in the yard. Under one of these trees I last saw my oldest sister, in her coffin. She had died away from us, and had been brought home for burial. I was but three years old, yet her pale, still face is perfectly pictured in my memory. They lifted me up that I might kiss her. With that kiss the chill of death entered my soul—the shadow of an awful mystery and fear fell upon it like sudden night. Yet though frightened and grieved, I did not shrink away from her, but called her name, and entreated her to "wake up." I even tried to lift the heavy-fringed lids from off her tender, dark eyes—

"*Sweetest eyes were ever seen.*"

I remember what a vast multitude appeared to me the funeral concourse. Doubtless it was large, for my sister was one of those beautiful angelic beings who are instinctively appreciated and loved by all who come within their sphere; whose lives, however humble, radiate far—have a divine scope of holy influence—who, in all their ways, from all hearts, win only blessings and dear regards, and whose memories in many quiet homes are treasured among things most precious and most sacred. I *knew* that our sweet household angel was one of those rare beings, those elect souls, divinely endearing, persuasive, joy-giving, heavenward-beckoning, when I found so much of her spirit, her life, her presence lingering about her old home. These hills are yet bright with the print of her vanished footsteps—her beauty, her goodness have grown into tender and mournful traditions—she has received the full canonization of love. What to this is the proudest immortality of fame!

We spent the remainder of the morning at the house of a cousin, once a dear little friend of mine. Here also I met the schoolmate I had seen the evening previous, and we three talked of school-days and play-days, till the earnest, toilsome after-life, the sorrows and joys of womanhood, the experiences of maternity even, fell and faded from us, and the little ones at our knees became "dream children."

I was suddenly disenchanted by the entrance of a young lady, whose name proved her to have been a pet and darling of mine in her babyhood. I was glad to see her, however, for out of her soft, dark eyes shone a pure love of the past and a look of her dear dead mother.

But I must bring this letter to a close. That afternoon we were obliged to tear ourselves from friends scarcely seen, and, to venture on a Hibernicism, from other friends unseen, and be off, as our time was up. We drove some six miles over grand and beautiful hills, which reminded me of Scotland and the Tyrol, to the nearest station, where we took the train for Syracuse. We reached that city in safety, but utterly exhausted in body and soul. The rest you know. Adieu,

GRACE GREENWOOD.

New Publications.

THE SERMONS OF THE LATE REV. FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON, M. A., (Ticknor & Fields, Boston,) an English clergyman who preached in the town of Brighton, have been much admired in this country. They are noticeable for the marked grace and simplicity of their style, the clearness with which their thought is presented, and the lofty spirituality which pervades them. Through some passages, a noble soldier-spirit breathes, like a clear trumpet. The author was indeed a Red-Cross knight of the Christian chivalry—such an one as Montgomery sings of in his beautiful hymn. The poor, to whom he was a brother and a friend, loved him, and so great was the grief felt at his death, that the entire town of Brighton went into mourning, the shops being closed and the townsmen wearing the badges of sorrow. Seldom are public men so sincerely lamented.

A MANUAL OF HOMŒPATHIC THEORY AND PRACTICE, WITH AN ELEMENTARY TREATISE ON THE HOMŒPATHIC TREATMENT OF SURGICAL DISEASES, by CHARLES J. HEMPEL, M. D., and JACOB BEAKLEY, M. D., (William Radde, Philadelphia,) will prove of use to families favorable to the Homœpathic School of Medicine, and is also adapted to the wants of students and practitioners who desire to be initiated into the homœpathic principles and practice.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, for July, (Leonard Scott & Co., New York,) begins with this number, as do the other British Quarterlies, a new volume. The great value of these Reviews need hardly be mentioned to persons interested in general literature. All four of them, together with Blackwood, can be had for $10 per annum.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for September, (Phillips & Sampson, Boston,) opens with a fine essay on Eloquence, by Emerson, and has the usual quantity of stories, sketches, poems and "Autocrat" fun and fancy.

THE KNICKERBOCKER. September. John A. Gray, New York. W. B. Zieber, Philada.

☞ A MATRIMONIAL ALLIANCE.—The Duke of Orleans said of two persons who had married extremely poor, that "Hunger had wedded Thirst."

☞ As the fire-fly shines only when on the wing, so it is with the human mind; when it rests it darkens.

☞ Sophistry may perplex truth, ingenuity may warp the decrees of justice, and ridicule may raise an undeserved laugh; but where free inquiry prevails, error will be corrected, justice will be revered, and ridicule will be retorted on those who have abused its influence.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

FATE OF STEAMER "PACIFIC"—BUSINESS AND PLEASURES—AN IMPORTANT INQUIRY—SERFAGE IN RUSSIA—MR. AND MRS. DICKENS—TEMPEST IN LITERARY TEAPOTS.

Paris, July 29, 1858.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

Your readers may remember the mention, in a former letter, of the writing found in a bottle, last April, off the French coast, and purporting to be an announcement of the going down of the lost steamer "Pacific," foundered in the ice. I mentioned that the Emperor had given this paper, signed by a Mr. Smith, to Dr. Evans, of this city, that gentleman having been applied to by the father of a Mr. Smith, who was a passenger on the "Pacific" at the time of her disappearance, and who was anxious to know whether the writing in question was that of his son. This question would now seem to be decided in the affirmative; several letters in his son's handwriting having been forwarded to Dr. Evans by Mr. Smith, and the writing being so evidently by the same hand that no one who has compared these letters with the paper (apparently a blank leaf torn out from the end of a book) found in the bottle, can have the least doubt of their being written by the same hand.

Here, the preparations for the "*fete*" of the 15th of August, (the Emperor's birthday) are going forward busily. In the squares and open places, on the bridges, &c., scaffolding is appearing in every direction; the scale on which these preparations are made in Paris, and the earnestness and cost bestowed on their getting up, being a curious feature in French life. It may be truly said that these people, who go about their ordinary occupations in an easy, careless, lazy sort of way, as though they were merely amusing themselves, only seem to become roused and in earnest when anything like a frolic or a "spectacle" is being got up.

Dijon has been holding an agricultural exhibition, at which the various species of the Chinese igname, now being acclimated in France, have been figuring, to the admiration of beholders. But it appears that some members of this promising family are as mischievous as the others are valuable. A seedsman who had a great number of varieties for sale, took it into his head, the other day, to have a few of each kind in his warehouse boiled together for dinner. One of the apprentices not liking the new root refused to eat any of the samples, but the seedsman, his wife and family, and the other apprentices partook of the dish. Soon after dinner the whole family was taken violently ill, those who had eaten most freely of the new vegetable suffering the most severely. The physicians who attended them declared that they were suffering from poison; and potent counter-poisons were administered by which they were all happily restored. The Academy of Sciences has offered a prize for the best treatise on the subject, and on the method by which the healthy varieties of the new root may be distinguished from the poisonous ones.

The Russian Minister of Public Instruction has just published some interesting statistics on the subject of the serfs of the great country which shows so menacingly on the maps of Europe and Asia. From this report, it appears that there are 30,000 slaves, properly so called, in Russia, not attached to the soil, but susceptible of being sold as chattels by their owners. These slaves belong to 5,000 proprietors, and are bound, if not employed in working for their master, to pay to him three-fifths of the wages they gain elsewhere. Attached to the soil are 742,420 serfs, held by 49,703 proprietors, their masters being generally very poor, and imposing on them the most crushing, and often the most degrading services. Another class of 36,024 holders hold 3,271,648 serfs, whose condition is but little superior to that of the former class of serfs; 2,168 proprietors of a higher class, hold 323,268 serfs, whose condition in somewhat less degrading than those previously mentioned. Finally, 6,567,066 serfs are held by 147 landlords of the highest class; they enjoy many privileges, and many of them succeed in amassing wealth, and purchasing their freedom and that of their families. But sad tales are told of the sorrows and disappointments of individuals even of this most favored class, who are frequently pillaged of all they have earned, over and over again, by their rapacious owners; and find themselves perpetually disappointed in the hope of obtaining the longed-for liberation which had spurred them on in their career of industry, manufacture, or commerce. Of the 23,500,000 serfs belonging to the nobility, 13,000,000 belong to the crown, and are valued at a sum of 397,879,459 roubles. Very serious troubles have broken out among the serfs in various parts of the Empire; they know that a change is coming, without knowing exactly what, become impatient for the looked-for announcement, and demand of the local Governors to give them their freedom on the spot. In some cases the military have been called out; in others, the great serf-holders have succeeded, by their own efforts, in putting down the insurrectionary movements which have been begun on their estates. The Emperor of Russia has a difficult task on his hands, the impatience of the serfs, and the reluctance of many of the masters, rendering the work of emancipation doubly difficult.

From London friends, passing through Paris on their way to the various scenes of foreign rustication that succeed the fatigues and excitement of that most laborious phase of fashionable enjoyment "the London season," I have taken some pains to get a correct account of the nature of those domestic difficulties which the immortal author of "Pickwick" and "Nicholas Nickleby," has himself—by the publication of a letter that went the rounds of the press a few weeks ago—brought before the public, instead of leaving them, as it would evidently have been wiser to do, to the comparative privacy of his own immediate circle.

It appears, then, that Mr. Dickens, having married his wife, Miss Hogarth, soon found this lady to be, in many respects, an uncongenial companion: as she was a person of little talent, and rather strict in her views of religious and social matters, while Mr. Dickens was very liberal in his own views, and fond of lively and merry social gatherings, dinner-parties, and so forth. Mrs. Dickens, quiet, fond of her children, but somewhat narrow in mind, and taking a very different view of all practical matters from that held by her husband, also fell into very delicate health, from the rapidity with which her eight or nine children followed one another into the world. She therefore sent for a younger sister to aid her in managing her household, and to this sister, who was as clever and charming as Mrs. Dickens was the reverse, her husband became exceedingly attached, somewhat to Mrs. Dickens's annoyance, who felt that she was becoming a secondary person in her own house. This sister died; and Mrs. Dickens, strangely enough, seeing that her husband's admiration of the lady had excited not a little jealous uneasiness in her mind, now sent for a second sister, and placed her in the very same position previously occupied in the house by the one then deceased. Dickens very soon transferred all his admiration and affection to this younger Miss Hogarth, who is exceedingly clever, both intellectually and practically, and who soon had the reins of everything so completely in her own hands, that Mrs. Dickens became little more than a cypher in the estimation of her husband and her children. When, after a few years of this uncomfortable existence, Mrs. Dickens found her health sufficiently improved to allow of her taking her proper place in her household, Mr. Dickens gave her plainly to understand that he was very well satisfied with the position of things as they stood, that he did not consider her to be capable of directing the education of the children, and that he wished Miss Hogarth to remain virtually the mistress of the house, though promising her to let her be still the mistress in the eyes of the world. That Miss Hogarth is far better fitted to sympathize with a man of Dickens's talent, and is altogether a more congenial housekeeper and friend than Mrs. Dickens can be, seems to be admitted by all who know the parties; but it is equally clear that no wife and no mother could quietly accept the position to which this lady now found herself reduced. Mr. Dickens, who might command any society in England, has always kept himself in the centre of a *clique*; and this *clique*, including a good many rather "fast" young men belonging to a secondary rank in the literary and artistic world, was especially uncongenial to Mrs. Dickens, who did not at all like the sort of sphere in which her daughters were thus growing up, and she could not welcome to her house persons whom, with her stricter notions, she considered to be unsuitable companions for her children, nor preside at parties, private theatricals, and other gay doings of which she conscientiously disapproved. Hence a constant "pulling" in opposite directions, between Mrs. Dickens on the one hand, and the rest of the family, all firmly determined to lead the sort of life that suited them, in defiance of her, on the other.

However uncomfortable this state of things may have been, the secret of their domestic disunions was kept pretty well from the world. But matters went on worse and worse in the house, and at length, Mr. Dickens having founded his well-known "Theatrical Club," which Mrs. Dickens regarded as very irreligious, disreputable and wrong, the breach between husband and wife became wider than ever. Mr. Dickens, feeling that things could not go on as they were, proposed to his wife that she should put an end to the domestic struggle by consenting to relinquish all pretence of authority, leaving the sole real management of the household to Miss Hogarth; and offering, if she would do this, to give up a certain part of the house exclusively to her, as her residence, leaving her the right of sitting at the head of the table, and of doing the honors in the drawing-room, when they had company, so that the separation, though really between herself and the rest of the family, should not be apparent to the world.

Mrs. Dickens refusing to accede to this plan—which obviously no mortal woman could muster patience and abnegation enough to carry out under her own roof, and in the midst of her own children—Mr. Dickens next offered to give her the use of his town and country houses alternately, i. e., she was to go to the country, leaving the rest of the family in town, for a certain portion of the year; and then to come to the town house for a certain time, during which the rest of the family would go to the country house vacated by her. Mrs. Dickens, however, rejected this proposition also, and at length made up her mind to demand merely a separate maintenance of her husband, and leave him, the sister and the children to their own devices: the latter all siding with the father and the aunt, and refusing to allow of her exercising any authority over them. Having communicated her decision to Mr. Dickens, that gentleman at once consented to the arrangement, and Mrs. Dickens left her home, and established herself with friends of hers. Here the matter would have rested, the subject of a certain amount of gossip, no doubt, on the part of the public, with whom the popular author is so great a favorite, had not Mr. Dickens, stung by certain foolish stories about his having become entangled with actresses with whom he had appeared in his theatrical club, published the letter which has gone the rounds of the press, and turned everybody's eyes inquisitively upon the subject of his domestic relations. The excitement of feeling evident in the composition of that letter, its unexplained allusions, and vague contradictions which really contradict nothing, naturally whetted curiosity, and stimulated the formation of a score of surmises and versions, all equally absurd. The histories of actresses mixed up with the simple details of the real story, are regarded by all who know the parties, as mere gratuitous nonsense and slander. But though Mr. Dickens does not appear to have been guilty of any grosser wrong towards his wife it is not to his honor that he has not been able to bear, with greater forbearance and kindness, with her intellectual inferiority, and that the woman who has borne him so many children, and of whose affection for him and for them there can be no doubt, should now, almost on the verge of old age, be left alone in the world, widowed and childless, under circumstances so painful. Nor is it honorable to the children and to the sister, that Mrs. Dickens had no sooner left her home, than her eldest daughter made a round of calls with her aunt, leaving cards bearing her own name and that of Miss Hogarth engraved together, as though to blazon forth the elimination of the mother from the circle and sympathies of her family, and the adoption, by the latter, of another in the mother's place. This fact, which I have from parties who have seen the cards in question, suffices to show with how little tact and delicacy Mrs. Dickens has been treated by her family.

But the Dickens family is not the only one which has been in "hot water," and too much excited thereby to remember Bonaparte's wise advice anent the washing of one's family linen in privacy. The well known romancer, Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, it is well known has been separated for many years from his wife, (who, in addition to a course of private life not a whit better than her husband's, may also boast of being an odious, vulgar virago). Lady Lytton, as has been reported in the papers, bullied him openly at an election, and stated her determination to confront him in public on all occasions. Sir E. B. Lytton on this endeavored to procure medical authority for shutting Lady Lytton up in a private madhouse, but for a few days he could get no physician to furnish the necessary certificate. However, he managed to get this certificate at last, and she was snapped up and safely lodged in a private asylum, she being really no more insane than are all other persons who give way to unbridled anger and passion. Finding herself thus outwitted, Lady Lytton at once wrote to her friends, who threatened Sir E. B. Lytton with a full exposure if his wife were not instantly released. The Cabinet, (Sir E. B. Lytton being now Colonial Secretary,) were beside themselves with alarm at the idea of so scandalous an incident coming before the public; and her husband was obliged to let her be at once restored to liberty. As she has been prosecuting him for several years for a larger allowance, he succeeded in coming to terms with her; he promising her a considerable increase of pension, and she consenting to renounce all further attacks upon him. Accordingly, a card appeared in the London papers a short time ago, stating that the reports in circulation respecting the health of Lady Lytton were incorrect, and that she was now residing with her son.

Mr. Thackeray, too, has not been able to resist the temptation of "rushing into print" with the story of his own personal grievances.

A Mr. Yates, a well-known writer of medium importance, recently published a notice of the author of "Vanity Fair," in which he handled that gentleman rather unceremoniously, stated that he was cold and supercilious, was "a republican in America and an aristocrat in England," had a crooked nose, and so on. Instead of ignoring a "libel" which it was all the less advisable to take up from the fact that it had just the least little grain of truth in its charges, Mr. Thackeray made an angry reply to Yates in the newspapers, and also demanded of the Garrick Club (to which they both belonged) to notify Yates that he must either retract his assertions, or withdraw from the club. The club were unwilling to take this course, but Thackeray and his friends brought so much pressure to bear on them that they at last consented, and the *ultimatum* in question was signified to Mr. Yates. The latter refused, point blank, to retract, or to withdraw; and the club, though sorely against their will, (for they regarded the expulsion of a member on such a ground as a dangerous precedent) then blackballed Yates, and turned him out. A great deal of angry feeling has been excited by this affair; all parties coming in for a share of the blame in public estimation. Yates, for having published an abusive and ill-natured criticism; Thackeray, for having made a fuss over what would have been more wisely treated with silent contempt; and the Garrick Club, for having allowed themselves to be entangled in a merely personal question, and for having allowed themselves to be made the instruments of mere personal retaliation. These three pieces of scandal—brought before the public by the imprudence and want of self-command of the parties themselves—have been the main subject of angry gossip during the now expiring "London season," and have kept the social elements of the modern Babel in a most unwonted state of fermentation.

QUANTUM.

A SWIMMING MATCH—YOUNG LADY RESCUED BY A "PEEPING TOM."—That even so mean a business as that of "Peeping Tom" may turn out happily, the following from the Pittsburg Despatch, proves:

At Murdocksville, some young ladies had selected a shady nook and were enjoying a river bath, when two young fellows, strolling in the woods, heard an unusual plashing in the water, and, "following their ears," were amazed and—shall we say it?—delighted, on turning a sharp bend in the river, to behold the water nymphs floating in the rippling current, fairer than the naiads and more enchanting than syrens. Concealing themselves, one of the rascles wagered thirty dollars on the swimming powers of a flaxen-haired divinity against a small dark-eyed beauty—the two being the leaders of the party, and the most expert swimmers. The wager was accepted. The two had struck out for a long swim, a strong swim, and a swim altogether, when the "fair haired she" shrieked "a turtle! a turtle!" and terribly frightened, sank under the surface.

It was a struggle between gallantry and duty with the young men; but the one who had accepted the challenge leapt from his hiding place into the stream, and striking out boldly, succeeded in seizing the insensible and drowning girl and dragged her to the shore. Of course the remainder of the party had fled, but soon returned, took charge of the nearly inanimate form, and restored her to consciousness. In consideration of the service performed the young fellows were granted absolution. The heroic rescuer of the young lady, however, claimed the thirty dollars, on the score that his nymph had fairly won the match. If it is not dusted up the young men propose that the ladies shall try it again.

THE RIVIERE AND BLOUNT CASE.—The Savannah Republican of the 13th has the following:

"Some of our cotemporaries, in writing of this curious romance, seem to think the object of the Zouave is to marry the subject of his adoration, Miss Blount. This is a mistake. The young lady asserts unqualifiedly that they were lawfully married before they made the tour to New York, and had lived as man and wife for weeks before the separation. The secret of his pertinacity, then, is simply to *hold on* to the prize already won. The fact of his having another wife in the State of Pennsylvania seems to be, in the present *status* of the case, the only family obstacle to his success."

HORSE TAMING.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., *Aug.* 12, 1858.

Mr. Editor:—I have noticed several communications of late in your paper, in regard to the manner in which lies the *great* secret (?) of "Horse Taming," as practiced by the "Great American Horse Tamer, Mr. J. S. Rarey." Now, I do not pretend to say that the art, as set forth by Mr. Rarey, is a *humbug*; not at all; but is it not astonishing to see with what great surprise the American people look upon his performances across the water? What surprises me, too, is this: That thousands of as good horse tamers as Mr. Rarey, should hold their peace, and let him alone claim the discovery. That the art does exist, is sufficiently evident; but does it follow that Rarey was the discoverer? Why, sir, if a *professional* horse tamer (by this I mean, one that does nothing else for a living,) were to make his appearance at Island Grove, (where I have been residing for the last seven or eight years,) he would be driven out instanter. There is not a boy in the whole neighborhood that does not *successfully* practice this so-called *secret* of horse taming. When they read those long extracts from the English papers, of Rarey's performances before the Queen and the nobility, they laugh immoderately at the impudence of Rarey and the credulity of his dupes. Go it, Rarey! We have no ill-feeling whatever towards you; but on the contrary, we congratulate you on your success, and say to you, get all the money you can from the stuck-up fools, and make as big fools of them all as you can possibly. Truly yours. CRETH.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE PEACH CROP DOWN SOUTH.—It is a great peach year down in South Carolina and Georgia, and the finest specimens of that fruit are sold in Augusta in the latter State, at from 50 cts. to $1 per bushel.

KANSAS ELECTION.—Official election returns from seventeen counties, and incomplete returns from seven others, give 10,735 votes against the proposition of admission, and 1,989 for it.

UNTIL the 1st of September the Atlantic Telegraph line will be closed to all messages excepting those of the Governments of Great Britain and the United States.

THE Detroit Free Press says:—"It is an actual fact, which cannot be contradicted with any truth, that we have a wilderness, uninhabited by human beings, and occupied by the wild beasts of the aboriginal forests, within five or six miles of Detroit, a city of seventy thousand inhabitants."

MODERN ARTISTS.—The London Critic, in an elaborate article on Ristori, says:—"We take Rachel to represent the highest possibilities of a radically false school; Jenny Lind the simplicity and freshness of nature; and Ristori the most bounteous gifts and the most charming graces of genius."

WE noticed the following motto in the transparency at the American Telegraph Office:—"The Atlantic Cable—Field's improvement on Franklin's kite string."

THE long continued rains in portions of Illinois, prevented the bees from procuring their accustomed food from the wild flowers, and the consequence is, that so many have been starved that no hives swarm.

ROOTLATING HER SERVANTS' DRESSES.—A Berlin correspondent relates several anecdotes of innovations and reforms in her household, made by the Princess Victoria since her arrival in Prussia from England. One is as follows: The chambermaids, whose proper business it is to clean the rooms, discharge the duties of their position in silk dresses. The daughter of the richest sovereign in the world decided to put a stop to this extravagance. One fine morning she had all the female servants summoned to her presence, and delivered what may be considered a highly successful maiden speech. She began by telling them the expense of their dresses must evidently exceed the rate of their wages. She added, that as their wages were not to be raised, it would be very fortunate for them if they were allowed to assume cotton articles of clothing. "In order to prevent every misunderstanding," the Princess continued, "I shall not only permit, but order you to do so."

A DAY or two since, a boy in Worcester, Mass., held one of the little rod balloons which are now so popular among juveniles, over a stove to dry, it having got wet in the shower. It very soon exploded, accompanied by a loud report. The father of the lad was prostrated to the floor, and stunned. Boys should take warning by this accident. The balloons are filled with carburated hydrogen, and should never be carried near the fire. It is a little less safe than gunpowder.

PLEASURE OF THE BLIND FROM FIREWORKS.—Dr. Duchesne states that the blind are not, as might be supposed, insensible to the attractive spectacle of fireworks. They are, he says, passionately fond of this kind of pleasure, which would seem to be exclusively reserved for persons in the enjoyment of their sight.—They attend such diversions with joy; and their hearing has acquired such development that they succeed in distinguishing the various pieces of firework by the different sounds they produce. Perhaps, too, they may feel gratification on hearing expressed around them the various sensations of the spectators.

A NUMBER of years ago, Prof. Rogers, of Massachusetts, made some experiments in the stalactitic caverns of Virginia, for the purpose of obtaining data in regard to the age of those deposits. He placed vessels in an unfrequented part of the cave, beneath drippings of various dimensions, where they remained for a period of from five to seven years. He arrives at the conclusion, as the result of his observations, that the rate of accretion is one-tenth of an inch in five years, or an inch in fifty years.

A PLEASANT ARRANGEMENT.—The Providence (R. I.) Journal states that arrangements are in progress for a settlement with the robbers of the Hatters' Bank. The robbers are "professional burglars," and the arrangement is satisfactory to both parties. The exact terms of this settlement are not stated, but as the robbers are no common thieves, but "professional burglars," it is but fair to presume that they will be allowed such a per centage as shall afford them a living profit on their business, and encourage them in their respectable calling. It is since stated that the robbers on Wednesday evening week returned $60,000 of the money in a clandestine manner to Captain Walling, of the New York Detective Police.—The rogues took care to reserve $26,000 for themselves. The Captain will receive a reward of $6,000 for the trouble the thieves gave him.

FROM UTAH.—The Salt Lake mail has arrived at St. Joseph, with dates to the 24th July. All the Mormons who were able had returned from Provo.

Brigham Young is reported to have shut himself in his residence, under the protection of a strong body-guard, fearing an attempt at assassination.

General Johnston intended to move his encampment and prepare to go into winter quarters. Colonel Hoffman still remained at Fort Bridger. The battalion of volunteers were at Fort Bridger.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 281—Adults 99, and children 182.

RELIGIO CHRISTI.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Penna.]

A rapid glance over a case, with a brief consciousness of its meaning and testimony, is one thing; the establishment of its lesson in the mind as an influencing principle is another. The former of these does not change us; the latter does; and oftentimes very greatly. It was the latter process which I underwent in the present instance. The very *Egoism* of my nature was transubstantiated. Instead of seeing myself as heretofore from the natural position, I began to see myself from God's position. A God there certainly was. Doubt had become impossible. That Titan dilemma had stretched its arm across all the path of skepticism. Although I had no Bible, I knew well enough what its doctrines were. And in this sudden revulsion of the mind from an easy natural consciousness to the startling supernatural consciousness of one who suddenly finds himself in the presence of the Infinite, there needed no prompter to remind me pretty fully of what at least that one book asserted about these matters. I had fully ascertained that virtue and vice were substantial verities; that an Infinite ruler guarding His own laws, watched our practice without a moment's intermission; and that the duration of our souls—the objects of the final reward or penalty—was eternal. I knew that I had never endeavored to obey His laws; but had always broken them as much as was agreeable to me. I am not ashamed to acknowledge that I felt myself in a most critical and dangerous position. There was indeed still left one question undecided, viz.: Whether, there being a God, the Hebrew and Christian Sacred Books were His word. But, I said, if they were not His revelation, where was there anything which could be taken to be such? And *then*, how much worse for us still! With a law and a guidance we might become secure, at all events, with sufficient care and effort:—but with no law, and no guidance, what dread experiences might we not plunge into amidst the endless expanse of the after life! I saw *law, cause and effect*, everywhere;—and it seemed to me a wretched thing to be without information of the cause and effect law of my own immortal weal or woe. It was surely a far preferable thing to have a clear, express, and authentic record of the Will of the Divinity than to be left to guess it out as one best could. Some *must* be wrong, and very far wrong, when there are so many and such contrary opinions. If in this particular I differed wholly from the free thinking moderns, I accorded as entirely with some ancients who *did not* think "freely," but ruled their thinking by the most stringent laws of logic and probability. Whether we take Greece or Italy, Arabia or Egypt, or Hindostan, we find all the great human minds of heathendom yearning for, not deprecating, a verbal and doctrinal revelation. I frankly confess, therefore, that having become convinced of so much, I began to feel a restless and ever increasing solicitude to know more.

Some months had passed, and the chief of them were hot months. We had made but a small opening; just enough for our pit, hut and logs; altogether it might be half an acre. This little opening in the dense woods was on the side of the mountain which faced the sun during the greater part of the day. Not a breath of wind could reach us; and all who have lived in little clearings such as ours was, know by hard experience the excessive heat that characterizes them under an almost vertical sun. On the other hand, as we had merely a tent hut, consisting of a few sheets of bark set up top against top, and some five or six feet apart at the bottom, our provision for sleeping was a very rude one, and lodged us very close to the wet ground. We had a couple of logs six or seven inches thick laid down on the bare earth, a few short boards ranged on them, and our beds extended on this little platform. In the course of a single night our bedding used to get so damp, that when the blankets were hung near the fire, they would continue to steam like a boiling pot for many minutes. Generally we laid them out in the sun, and so dried them during the day. But sometimes we forgot it, or were away for a day or two at the farm, and did not get home till night; or there happened several days of bad weather. Thus we were often sleeping in a way which, in any ordinary climate, would have quickly killed us. I do not know what the eventual effects on my mate were, as I have never seen him since; but the effects on myself were in the end serious enough. The first signs of physical indisposition that I felt were a low torpor of the whole frame; frequent fits of drowsiness; and pain in the loins. By the time that I had my contract completed, without being actually sick, or losing my appetite, I had got to feel active exertion almost impossible, and wanted to sleep two-thirds of the day. And when I awoke, I did not feel properly awake. Not having any particular new object in view I stayed at the farm. It was one which has since yielded one of the richest gold fields. Had I known what treasures lay buried beneath my feet then, I suppose it would scarcely have roused me to exertion; so great was the torpor—but without languor—that oppressed me.

Imperceptibly the fine summer weather glided into winter. The gray clouds often hid the sky a whole day together. The plains were wet with rain and fog. I spent a good deal of time shooting wild turkeys; and as they are fond of low, sedgy spots, often waded a good deal in the water. At last the category of mischief was complete. I awoke one night about midnight, with a feeling of the most unaccountable alarm; and in an instant or two afterwards my heart began to beat with a rapidity and violence which I at once recognised as serious disease.

For the last few weeks before this happened I had almost ceased to think. I enjoyed my food, I enjoyed my sleep, and I enjoyed rambling about the solitary inclement plains. In short, my recollection of this period is that it was rather like a drowsy animal consciousness than anything more. I should, however, make one exception, a dream. I was in the interior of a vast sphere, full of dim, leaden-hued light. I saw no objects—heard no sounds. But I had a sense that my soul's judgment was going on. It was only the business of an instant. Then it was conveyed to me that I was a lost soul. But all without sound or sight of form. Instantly the sphere closed in on me, and I felt as one may imagine himself to feel if embedded, whilst still full of life, in the everlasting rock a thousand miles from the surface—his body fettered by the relentless medium, moveless as the body of the dead, his soul raging and tossing, but for ever beaten back upon itself—horrible life amidst horrible death. Reason was not dethroned or obliterated. On the contrary, never was it more paramount. It knew all, appreciated all, remembered the past, and comprehended the future; knew full well why it was as it was. The suffering and ruin lay in the emotional branch of the mind. There was an *agony to do, to effect a change*, which surpassed all natural experiences; mingled with the sense that *nothing could be done*;—everlasting anguish-full strife against the known impossible. I will add, that whether the dream did or did not come as a designed religious revelation from the same source as that from which emanated the oft-discussed expression, "where their worm dieth not and their fire is never quenched," I had no sense of any physical suffering; but there was enough of parallelism in my mental feelings to the corporeal feeling so described, to justify to the fullest extent those two particular and peculiar phrases as metaphors.

From the time when the first manifestations of derangement of the functions of the heart took place, there was a recurrence of it every night without intermission. At every recurrence it became worse. On the second occasion, instead of a single paroxysm, there were several—I think three. The third night there were four or five. Just at the instant of passing from waking consciousness into sleep, there was a violent fluttering motion of the heart, unaccountable alarm, and a return to consciousness the most intense; I might almost say frightful. The strictly intellectual operations were so vivid and violent as to supersede all sense of Will. The psychological conditions of my dream were becoming a waking reality.

I state these matters in the plainest way, because I do not understand myself to be vindicating the fancies of a superstition, but recording facts of science. If no one makes the mistake of confounding the two things till I do, I believe it will never be made. The science of the soul—its nature—its interests—its requirements—its relations—its destinies, is the highest of all human sciences. And the discussions of these subjects, which as sane men we ought to make it our first business to conduct, conducted as they should be by the most serene, impartial and vigorous reason, ought to prove nothing less and nothing else than the very highest developments, of the very highest of our faculties (Common Sense), on the very highest of all human topics. A fanatical, morbid state of mind no doubt consorts well with the interests of a false religion, but is the greatest of all enemies of the true. God's truth and Man's reason belong to each other:—most zealously let us guard the sacred betrothal. For my own part, just as I would draw up a plea in law, or write a literary critique, or investigate a mathematical problem, so and no otherwise do I expect to discuss a question of religious psychology.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A LEGEND OF JESUS.

The legend here versified may be found in Miss Martineau's "Eastern Life."

Hot was the day and dusty was the road,
When from Jerusalem, with footsteps slow,
Jesus, with two of his disciples, went
Over the way that leads toward Jericho.

Then walked, as he was ever wont to do,
The ardent Peter by the Teacher's side;
And as they trod the path to Olivet,
A horse-shoe, lying in the dust, they spied.

The Teacher bade him take it from the ground,
Where half-concealed beneath the dust it lay;
Too proud was Peter for a thing so small
To stoop, and careless of it went his way.

Then Jesus raised it; and when they were come
Into the village, he the horse-shoe sold
For cherries, which, as Eastern men yet do,
He carried in his garment's bosom-fold.

Now o'er the mountain-ridge the pathway led,
'Twixt heated rocks that blinded by their glare,
Over rough stones that strewed the narrow way,
While clouds of dust filled all the burning air.

And now the eager Peter slower moved,
Weary and fainting with the fearful heat;
Then silently, as in advance he walked,
The Teacher dropped the cherries at his feet.

Gladly did Peter take them, one by one,
Till all were gone: then Jesus turned his head
Toward his disciple, and with earnest look
He gazed upon him, and then, smiling, said:

"Who will not stoop to things that seem but small,
Thinking that they to him no aid can lend,
But passes heedless and disdainful by,
To many smaller things will have to bend."

—*A. S. Standard.*

CALLING NAMES.—Calling names is one of the most convenient methods for putting down obnoxious truth. Often, when a thing cannot easily be refuted, it may be so branded as to answer the same purpose. A plausible epithet, whose meaning and application many are too indolent to examine, will carry in their minds the weight of a judicial decision. A well-turned phrase outstrips the slower processes of logic, and accomplishes in the impudence of stratagem, like Ethan Allen's at Ticonderoga, what no force of reasoning alone ever could achieve.—*Observer.*

SLIGHT MISTAKE.—A most excellent sermon was preached in the parish church of Crowle, by the Rev. Henry Phillips, R. A., from "Except ye repent, ye will all likewise perish." Amongst the congregation was a female who was dull of hearing, and on her return home she told her husband that the reverend gentleman had taken for his text—"except you pay your rent, you must go to the parish."—*Hull (Eng.) Advertiser.*

A PRINCESS ROYAL.

I remember to have fallen in once with certain American captains and colonels and men-at-arms, in a small place on the Brazos River, a few miles north of Jose Maria, in Texas. I had paid a visit to this place, near which a dear companion of my youth had been murdered. We were school-fellows, and for five years we had been brother officers in the same regiment. He went to the United States just when the war broke out with Mexico, and became captain of a company of Kentucky riflemen. A few months after the battle of Vera Cruz, he was deputed by the officers of his brigade to present to General Taylor—who was on leave of absence at New Orleans—a gold medal as token of their respect. Choosing the nearest way from the camp, across the country, he set out on his errand with a guide and two servants, all on horseback, armed to the teeth. In Jose Maria, my poor friend unwisely exhibited the medal to a crowd of respectable-looking persons, calling themselves colonels, majors, and captains, who seemed to take great pleasure in studying its engravings. He did not even remark in what a hurry some of those colonels were to start before him. But the medal has, in ten years, never more been heard of, and my old comrade and two of his companions were found shot dead in a ravine.

It was near this place that I also fell among colonels. There was one of them who took a great liking to my horse, when he saw me giving it to the ostler. He tapped it repeatedly on the neck, declaring it, with an oath, to be a nice hanimal and no mistake—which assertion he repeated afterwards over and over again to his fellow-men in the coffee-room, who, when they had been out to satisfy their curiosity, agreed with him upon the matter. "Now, wouldn't that be a nag for you, major?" he said to a tall, powerful man, with a rough beard and disgusting features, who sat a little apart from the rest, and wore a large gray coat. The major said nothing, but stalked out of the room, soon afterwards, followed by the colonel. The others had again taken up their old topic of conversation, and were talking politics, rather vehemently as I thought, when the waiter—a German—came up to me, and told me in our own language, that I had better take care, as those two ruffians outside had set eyes upon my horse, and would be sure to steal it if I gave them the slightest chance. Annoyed at this intelligence, I asked my countryman what he thought it would be best for me to do.

"Why," said he, "you have fallen in with a bad set, and, if you want to keep your horse, I should advise you to escape as soon as possible."

After a little reflection, I resolved to start at once, and made for the stable. There I found the colonel again, most urgently talking to the ostler, who only looked at me in a rather impudent manner, when I told him to bring out my horse, and paid me no further attention. I therefore began to bridle him for myself.

"I say, captain!" said the colonel, coming up to me after a while, and tapping me on the shoulder.

"Sir!"

"Come on, man! don't make a fool of yourself! I want to buy that 'ere 'orse, captain!"

"Do you?"

Thank Heaven! I was in the saddle by that time.

"Do I? Am I the man to be put out of my way by one of these 'ere chawed up Germans?"

He laid both his hands upon the bridle of my horse. My blood generally boils at an insulting word against my countrymen, especially when I am far from home in foreign lands. In a trice, the stick of the riding-whip came down upon the colonel's head, whilst the horse, urged to a powerful leap, threw him ten yards away upon the ground. As I knew very well that, according to the customs of the country, this was a revolver affair now, and as I had no wish to become entangled in such business, I did not wait until the colonel had picked himself up, but rode forward without delay.

I was stopped by the waiter, whom I heard calling after me, and who was out of breath when he came up to me at last. The honest fellow gave me a direction, which I was afterwards glad to have followed. He said that the colonel, though a coward, was a most desperate villain, not at all likely to give way so soon, but that the worst of the whole set was that tall fellow, the major, whom he suspected to have gone in search of some of his companions. "You will be chased by a couple of these rogues," he said, "as sure as I am a Saxon! Let me advise you. Follow your way up to the north until you are out of sight, then do you turn back to the south, as far as Jose Maria. At the ravine southeast of that place turn to the left, and, following the course of the brook, ride for your life. Twenty miles up the stream you will come to a settlement, called the Wood Creek. Old Delamotte lives there, and he's the man for you to trust."

I offered the waiter a few pieces of money, but he would not take them: then a hearty shake of the hand, and this he took most cordially.

"Stop!" he said, when I had already set spurs to my horse. He lifted up each of the horse's legs, and looked carefully at the shoeing. "All right," he said; "I thought the ostler might have played you one of his tricks, but he has not yet had time, I suppose. Now, go ahead, and don't forget the Frenchman!"

I darted off.

It was eleven o'clock in the morning. I had to make twenty miles to the ravine which my countryman had pointed out to me. But my horse was worthy of the colonel's admiration; and, in spite not only of the roundabout way I had taken in accordance with my friend's advice, and half-an-hour's delay for rest at Jose Maria, it was but five in the evening when I reached this melancholy spot.

I stopped and looked about me. The surrounding country was all barren and desolate, the soil sterile. There was a wooden cross erected on the spot of the murder, and beneath it lay the mortal remains of the man whom I had known in the full glow and joy of youth.

A strange feeling made me linger in that place. The little rivulet smoothly gliding eastward showed me the way I was to go. I could follow its course with my eyes to a far distant forest, the high grass of the prairie having burnt a tract down, as it always does at this time of year. Yet I still lingered.

The horse began to neigh softly, and to prick up his ears. He was familiar with these prairies, as I had bought him but a few months ago at Little Rock, in Arkansas. There was something the matter.

I listened, but heard absolutely nothing. I alighted, and, pressing my ear to the ground, listened again. The earth trembled faintly with the tread of horses yet at a long distance; but, when I mounted again, I could hear the sound. It was rapidly approaching from the direction of Jose Maria, and, although the woods on that side of me prevented me from seeing anything, I had but little doubt who were the horsemen. Now, colonels, majors, captains, let us see what can be done! My horse gave such a sudden and vigorous jump when I merely touched him with the whip, that I was almost thrown from my seat. I lost my cap, and a gust of wind threw it against that very mound by which I had been bound to the ravine. To pick it up would have been waste of time; and, as I wished to be out of sight before my pursuers had set foot upon the prairie, I left it and sped away, taking as straight a line as possible in the direction of the distant forest, to avoid the windings of the little brook, yet without losing sight of it. In the brave horse there was no slackening of pace; there was no stumbling. I turned round three or four times during my rapid course, but except a long, thin cloud of dust and ashes, raised by myself, I saw nothing whatever.

In an hour or so, the forest was before me, and then reining up a little, I again made for the brook.

I had traced its windings for about another hour, when I arrived at a cleared space in the wood, and got sight of a block-house.

"Who goes there?" asked a deep voice.

"A friend!" was the answer.

There were two men near the house, one with gray hair and weather-beaten features, the other in the prime of youth, both Frenchmen.

The old man looked, with some astonishment, at my panting horse covered with foam, at his dilated nostrils and quick beating flanks.

"Why, it seems you are in a hurry," he said.

In a few words I explained the motives of my visit, and told him my adventures at Santa Madre; not forgetting to report the advice of the German waiter at the coffee-house, that I should trust in him for help.

He listened eagerly to my narrative, and when I gave him a minute description of the colonel and the major, his attention grew to be intense.

"Again those two scoundrels!" he said. "Well, man, step into the house. Never mind the horse, the lad will rub him dry. We have a few hours before us yet. They know by this time where you are, and will consider twice before they call here; though we are quite sure to hear of them at nightfall.

I expressed regret for the trouble I was bringing on him; but he only laughed and replied, "Never mind, we are their match."

"But we are only three, and after all we don't know how many ruffians that tall fellow may bring with him."

"Let him bring a score, we are their match, I tell you! Do you account the Princess Royal nobody?"

"The what?"

"The Princess Royal; la Princesse Royale!" he laughed again. "Don't stare at me, you'll see her by-and-by."

The block-house had a very durable appearance; it was two stories high, and the upper room was neatly furnished. On the wall I observed a portrait of General Moreau. My host was no friend of the first Emperor of the French; the present Emperor he mentioned only once during our conversation, and I had better not say what he said.

He lighted a candle and began to block the windows up, whilst I was eating and drinking what he had placed on the table. The lad made all safe on the ground floor, and secured the door.

"Now, we are all right!" said the old man, taking his seat at the table, and mixing rum and water in a large bowl.

"To the success of the good cause!" he said, touching glasses with me.

"But I don't see any arms," I presently suggested.

"Arms? I have plenty of that stuff. How do you think a man could get on in these woods without arms? But we shan't want them to-night." Again he laughed. "We have the Princess Royal."

He removed the candle with the other things from the table, and went out of the room.

The door was opened again about five minutes afterwards. I heard the crack of a whip. I saw a rapid flash before my eyes; and, with a mighty bound, that made my very blood run cold, a large jaguar leaped in, alighting with a heavy pounce upon the table.

"La Princesse Royale!" announced my host.

I do not know exactly what figure I may have presented at that moment; but I should not wonder if anybody were to tell me that I looked like a craven.

"Don't be afraid of her," said the laughing Frenchman, when he saw me still as a mouse, scarcely venturing to turn my looks to her bright cruel eyes. "She is as decent as a cat when I am by. Caress her, she likes to be fondled; it's the weak side of the sex, you know."

I touched her delicate fur but slightly with my hand, stroking it softly down her strong and beautiful back, the right way of the fur, you may be sure.

She bent her powerful and elastic limbs under my frail hand, and fanning the air with her curved tail seemed to encourage me to bestow more caresses.

"Well, how do you like the Princess?" asked my host.

"Why, she is indeed handsome, and I have seen none in the old world more majestic."

"Take her down-stairs, George," he said to the lad, handing the whip over to him, "and keep a look out yourself; but mind you don't give her any supper. She shall help herself to-night."

He placed the candle and our glasses again upon the table, and began to sip his grog quite leisurely.

"By heavens, man," I said, after a pause, "it cannot be your real purpose to set the tiger on those people?"

"Eh, parbleu!" replied he, "and why not? What else do they deserve? Are they not also tigers? You don't know them as I do! The tall rascal is a convicted felon, and ought to have been hanged two years ago at San Francisco. He contrived an escape, and fled to Kansas. As to the other rogue, there is hardly a crime he has not stained his hands with. Make your mind easy about that."

A sudden thought came into my mind, and I asked him, whether he knew anything about that murder of my friend ten years ago in the ravine near Jose Maria?

No, he knew nothing about that. It was before his time; only he should not wonder if the major had had a hand in it; it looked very like him.

We were interrupted by a loud knocking at the door. The lad came in soon afterwards, telling us that he could descry five of them, all on horseback.

The old man rose, and moving one of the mattresses a little aside, he looked cautiously through the window. It was about nine o'clock, and the darkness began to set in with the rapidity peculiar to southern climates.

The knocks were repeated more vehemently, accompanied now with a loud summons to open the door.

"Here they are, sure enough!" said the old man. "I wonder why this major doesn't go to Kansas; he is the very man for Kansas politics."

"If you don't open now, you French dog," said a coarse voice, "we'll break the door."

The eyes of the old man flashed fire, but he spoke never a word.

"You know me, Delamotte," said another voice, which I had heard before. "You know Colonel Brown. But though we 'ave to settle an old account, I 'ave no business with you this time; it's the stranger I want, he has stolen a 'orse; give him up to us, and we'll be off in a minute."

"No use talking to that old miser," said the former voice, with an oath. "Come on, boys, break that door in, and end it!"

He seemed to suit the action to the word, for a tremendous crash came.

"En avant!" said the old man to the lad, and they both went down stairs.

I rose and paced up and down the room with rapid steps. Something terrible, awful was going on.

The whole block-house shook and trembled with the violent kicks and blows which were dealt at the door, but nevertheless I could hear distinctly when the iron bar was removed from it, and then—I felt as if all my blood were rushing suddenly to my heart, leaving not one single drop in any limb of my whole body.

A roar—not at all like those you may hear in the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, at feeding-time—but a hundred times wilder, sharper, more piercing, more furious; then human cries of horror and despair—the trampling of flying horses—the quick report of fire-arms—then again the roar, but this time much louder, more savage, more ferocious, more horrible—then a heavy fall and a confused noise of grinding of teeth—then nothing more, because I stopped my ears with both my hands.

When I turned round, my host sat at the table again, sipping his grog as if nothing had happened.

"I am afraid," he said, after a while, "the Princess has been wounded—I have never heard her roaring in that way. Well, we must see after this to-morrow. It would be a dangerous job for any man to go near her to-night!"

Next morning, I stood by his side when he opened the door. My first glance fell upon the tiger cowering in a thick, brown-red pool. She was licking at a red spot upon her left flank, which seemed to have bled profusely, but with both her powerful fore-paws she clung to a deformed and shapeless mass which bore no likeness to anything I had ever seen. The corpse of a horse, frightfully mutilated, lay close by, and the whole ground was strewn with fragments of a horrible appearance. My host having examined them all with intense curiosity, cracked his whip, and moved straight towards the tiger.

A hollow menacing roar warned him off; the savage creature showed its formidable range of long and powerful teeth, and had lost all signs of her old tameness.

"She is thirsty for more blood, the Princess Royal is," said the Frenchman. "That is nature you know. She can't help it, I suppose; and, as I should be grieved to kill her, we must wait till she comes round again."

We had to wait long. After three days the old man himself beginning to doubt whether she ever would come round again, was forced to kill her after all.

When we were thus enabled to examine at leisure that horrible battle-field, he drew my attention to some remnants of a coat in which the grey color was still to be distinguished.

"He has had his reward!" said the old man, "though it costs me dear. Better than all those majors was my poor old Princess Royal."—*Household Words.*

LOOK.—A writer in the Westminster Review once took the position that alcohol is food, and offered the following logic in proof of it:

"Food is force,
Alcohol is force,
Therefore alcohol is food."

Dr. Mussey gives a formula equally legitimate and conclusive, namely:

"Horse food is force,
Whipping a horse is force,
Therefore whipping a horse is horse feed."

Good logic tolerably; equal to:

"A horse has legs,
So has a man,
Therefore a man is a horse."

☞ Lord Byron once said, "You never know a man's temper until you have been imprisoned on board of a ship with him, or a woman's until you have married her."

☞ A boy's rendition of a proverb: "Spoil the rod and spare the child!"

HOW TO FIGHT A DUEL.

Two gentlemen have been forced into fighting a duel by two determined fire-eaters, who act as seconds. They resolve to give them a lesson, which is taught in the following fashion:—The other second having meanwhile given his instrument and instructions, the opponents stood opposite to each other, pistols pointing downwards all ready, the Doctor and Beresford sitting on a sand hill on the look-out at some distance. "One—two—three," shouted Shakelbow, a deliberate pause being given between each numeral. No sooner said than done. Bang, bang, went the pistols; and both seconds jumped aside with wonderful agility. "What the deuce is your principal at?" roared O'Brien. "Why, his bullet has absolutely grazed my cheek. "And what the fiend is your man at?" roared Shakelbow; "here's a hole slap through the crown of my hat." "Deuce take it all, young gentlemen, said the seconds, advancing, "why, you are not fit to be trusted with firearms. You'll do some terrible mischief some day. You have nearly shot us both." "Bless me!" said Simple; how singular. I am sure I followed your instructions." "I suppose you shut your eyes, then," said Shakelbow, "when you fired." "Possibly. Is my opponent satisfied? An exchange of shots is perhaps as much as he requires." "Exchange of shots?" exclaimed O'Brien. "You have made no exchange at all. You have narrowly missed killing us both." "Better luck next time," said Tracey. "I suppose you mean us to have another shot, then?" "Certainly," said Shakelbow; "and this time at each other, if you please. Keep your eyes open, and mind what you are about." "I will if I can," said Tracey, as he observed his opponent was again ready; his own pistol being re-charged and handed to him. The seconds again withdrew some paces on either hand, this time a little more in the rear, and Shakelbow again gave the signal—"One, two, three!" At the last word both the youngsters again stuck to their text, and down went both the seconds flat on their faces, to avoid the shots they saw in a moment must come their way. The Doctor absolutely roared with laughter as the seconds jumped to their feet, the bullets having whistled over their heads. "Am I wanted?" he called out as loud as he could bawl. "No, no," replied Shakelbow. "Shall we have another exchange of shots?" inquired Lieutenant Simple, as he he saw the seconds approaching each other, looking rather queer. "No, no," replied O'Brien. "The affair has gone quite far enough, Mr. Shakelbow; if your principal is satisfied, I think I can answer for mine."—*Captain Curling's "Frank Beresford."*

COMPLIMENTARY TO THE LAST.—M. Huc, the great French traveller in China, concedes that his polite countrymen are outdone by the Chinese. He says that nowhere else than in China could men be heard exchanging compliments about a coffin. "In every country people forbear to speak of this mournful object, destined to contain the remains of a relation or friend. It is prepared in secret, out of sight of the world, and when death enters the house the coffin is introduced by stealth, to avoid aggravating the grief of a heart-broken family. The Chinese view the matter in a totally different light. In their eyes a coffin is an article of the first necessity to the dead, and of taste and luxury to the living. In the great towns they are displayed with elegant decorations, in magnificent shops, and carefully painted, varnished, and polished, in order to allure the passers by and induce them to buy. People in easy circumstances always, in fact, provide themselves beforehand with one to their fancy, and, until the time arrives for lying down in it, keep it in the house as a handsome piece of furniture of which the utility is not immediate, but which cannot fail to be a consoling and agreeable object in a handsomely decorated apartment. The coffin, above all, is considered an excellent method for children in a decent rank to show the intention of their filial piety to the authors of their being. It is a great consolation to a son to be able to purchase a coffin for an old father or mother, and make a solemn offering of it when they least expect it. When we love we are always ingenious in contriving agreeable surprises. If a person is not sufficiently favored by fortune to keep a coffin ready, care is still taken not to wait till the last moment, that the dying man, before saluting the world, as they say in China, may have the satisfaction of casting a glance at his last abode. Thus, when a patient is given over, if he has the luck to be surrounded by loving friends, they never fail to buy him a coffin and put it by the side of his bed."

THE DERANKEE AND THE EMPEROR.—Charles V., while hunting, lost his way and entered a miserable roadside inn for rest and refreshment. He noticed four men lying on a bed whose countenances were by no means indicative of good intentions. In fact they were thieves. Charles asked for refreshments, but he had scarcely swallowed a drop, when one of the ill-looking fellows got up and approached him, with the remark—"I dreamed you had a mantle that would suit me to a T," and thereupon he appropriated the garment. "And I," said the second fellow, following his comrade's example, "dreamed you had a buff coat which would fit me nicely." At the same time he seized upon the buff coat. The third took his hat, the fourth prepared to take a whistle which the Emperor wore suspended from his neck by a gold chain. "Softly, my friend," said Charles, "let me first show you the use of this whistle." Accordingly he raised it to his lips, blew a shrill note, and the house was filled with his armed retainers. "Here," said Charles, pointing to the ruffians, "are a set of fellows who dream whatever they want. It is my turn now. I have dreamed all these rascals were worthy of a gibbet. Let the dream be realised instantly." The hint was taken, and without further delay or formality, the rascally quartette were swung up before the inn door, a signal warning to all unprincipled psychologists.

☞ The volume of nature is the book of knowledge, and he becomes the wisest who makes the most judicious selections.

ADALINE.

BY EDWARD POLLOCK.

There were two lovers, long ago,
—Ah, well-a-day—
Of spirits warm but chaste as snow,
—That things so pure should pass away!
And oft alone, and whispering lowly,
Among the woods they wandered slowly,
When twilight shades were sweet and holy,
For clearest shine
Love glances then, like thine,
My tender bright-eyed Adaline!
And this true lover and the maiden,
In ages vanished—lost and gone—
Made for themselves a dim star-aiden,
All in the silent dawn.

Oft in the morn's transparent mist,
—Ah, well-a-day—
Before the sun the clouds had kist,
—That things so kind should pass away!
They met, while stars above were shining,
Where leaves and flowers were intertwining,
Her head upon his breast reclining;
As often thine
Reposes upon mine,
My fair, my peerless Adaline!
And thus the lover and the maiden,
In ages vanished—lost and gone—
Dwelt fearless in their dim star-aiden,
All in the silent dawn.

He saw no beauty, she no truth,
—Ah, well-a-day—
Save in her form and his fresh youth,
—That things so fond should pass away!
And sooth to say, she looked serenely,
Among the wet leaves glancing greenly,
With her fair head reclined and queenly—
Tho' not like thine,
Nor with thy grace divine,
My own beloved Adaline!
So the fond lover and the maiden,
In ages vanished—lost and gone—
Stood dreaming in their dim star-aiden,
All in the silent dawn.

They loved and they were blest—they died,
—Ah, well-a-day—
The bridegroom and his fair young bride,
—That things so bright should pass away!
The flowers are wet, the stars are gleaming,
They sleep while all around is beaming,
Not even of each other dreaming;
Close—closer twine
Thy soft, white arms in mine:
Oh, could I save thee, Adaline!
Oh, love—oh, death! Alas, the maiden
And lover, in the ages gone,
Passed from their pleasant dim star-aiden,
Like shadows from the dawn.

A WOMAN'S LOVE,

AND A WIFE'S DUTY.

BY MRS. A. OPIE.

The next morning was the morning of the funeral. Lady Helen had desired it might be a private one, and had she not, it could not have been otherwise; for Lord Seymour, though not an old man, was fallen into a state of imbecility; Lord Mountgeorge was at Lisbon, attending his dying wife; and Mr. Pendarves, our great-uncle, was confined in Cornwall by the gout.

"Poor Seymour!" cried my mother, as she heard this account of the family, "there is much to be said in your excuse; for how completely has he been left to himself, amidst the dangers of a metropolis!"

My mother, when she said this, was certainly *thinking aloud*; but my hearing her, had, at that moment, no bad effect on me, as my jealousy remained unappeased, and my mortification unsoothed, and nothing could reinstate him as yet in my estimation; nay, I believe I should see him the next day without any emotion that could be attributed to him as the cause of it.

When we reached the house of mourning, we found Seymour anxiously expecting us. On seeing me, he seized my hand, and, unable to speak, kissed it repeatedly, then turned away in tears; and, I must own, at that moment I forgot his unworthiness and my own resolution, and remembered only his sorrow and his apparent affection. My mother *might* be right, but I began to suspect she *might be wrong*. All these feelings, however, were soon swallowed up in those of deep and tender sorrow. The procession began; and, clinging to each other's arm for support, my mother and I followed the unsteady steps of the chief mourner. But why need I dwell on the details of a scene so common? Suffice, that Seymour did not return with us; he remained in the church, in order to give way to the lately suppressed agonies of his heart. My mother wished to do the same; but she respected the sacredness of his sorrow, and she could visit the vault at another time."

The rest of the day was spent by Seymour in visits to those who had been maintained or assisted by Lady Helen, in order that he might personally assure them that his intention was to do all she would have done, had life been spared to her. Having thus performed his duty to the utmost, he appeared to my mother's eye to have recovered some of his usual brilliancy of countenance. The next night he was to return to Oxford. In the afternoon of that day, he called at our house, and requested to see my mother and *me*.

I rose involuntarily, in great perturbation.

"Tell Mr. Pendarves," said my mother, "that I will wait on him directly. Helen, my child! it is but one struggle more, and all difficulty will be over; for I conclude, you, not only in obedience to my will, but in compliance with your own wise *wishes*, refuse to see him!"

What could I say? Could I tell her that the meeting of yesterday, and his subsequent conduct towards his mother's dependants, had altered my feelings? I could not do it, and I remained above stairs.

After a long conference, my mother came back to me, and I heard the hall-door close. Till this moment, I had hoped she would relent, and allow me to see him! at least, I guess so, from the cold chill which I felt at my heart, when I heard the noise of the closed door. However, I saw him from the window—I myself unseen—and his handkerchief was held to his eyes.

When my mother returned, I observed that she had been excessively moved, and the traces of recent tears were on her cheeks.

"Helen!" she at length said, "I trust I have done by Seymour Pendarves what I should wish a friend to do by a child of mine. And is he not *her* child—the child of that lost, matchless being, whom I loved only second to yourself, since one dearer than either was removed from me? Yes; I admonished him as a mother would have done; and though I refused his request, I did it—indeed I did—with gentleness and with anguish. Helen," she resumed, "if ever you should doubt the affections of your mother, remember what, for your sake, she has undergone this day. She has, though her heart bled to do it, wounded that of one whom she loves now next to yourself, and that one, too, the child of her adored Lady Helen. But the sense of a mother's duty, aided by a higher power, has supported me through it."

"And he is gone!"

"Yes; and he reproached me bitterly for my cruelty, Helen; but if he could see me now, do you think he would censure me for hardness of heart?"

Mournful were the hours that followed, and we retired early to rest. But my mother rested not. I heard her walking backward and forward in her room till near day-break; and till she had ceased I was too uneasy to close my eyes.

When I rose the next day, and was walking in the garden before breakfast, I found my mother's windows still shut, and it was very late before she came down stairs. I had previously felt disposed to indulge my own dejection; but as soon as I saw her, all thought of myself vanished. For never did I see the expression of hopeless grief stronger than in her speaking face. As she did not talk, I vainly tried to converse of indifferent things. She smiled; but every smile was succeeded by a sigh; and once she exclaimed,

"No! they cannot come to *me*, but I shall go to *them*."

"Dearest mother," cried I, rising and looking up in her face, "you forget *me*. Surely you do not wish to leave me?"

"Do not ask me," she cried, clasping me fondly to her bosom; "I fear I am ungrateful for my remaining blessing."

From that time she struggled with her grief, and became, as you know, in *company*, at least, the agreeable companion; for about that time it was, I think, that your amiable husband succeeded to the living, and you came to enliven and adorn the rectory. However, as your friend, for whose inspection this is written, does not know any of the subsequent events, I shall proceed with the details of my story.

During the ensuing six weeks we had only one letter from Seymour, but that was a pleasant one; for he told us that he had been studying very hard, and had gotten another prize, and he sent us his composition, adding in a very touching manner, that as the eye which he most wished to please by his production was forever closed, his proudest desire now was to have it approved by those whom he and she best loved.

My mother was gratified by this compliment as well as myself; for she augured favorably of his amendment from this close application, and she owned to me in the fulness of her heart, that she had informed him, his obtaining my hand depended entirely on *himself*. I have said that my mother appeared quite recovered in company; but such was the constant recurrence of one anxious subject to her mind in private, that everything unconnected with it soon became uninteresting to her; this was the renewal of virtuous friendship in another world; and she read and tried to procure everything in the shape of a sermon or essay that had ever been written on the subject. One sermon, and it was a most eloquent one, bearing the title, "The renewal of Virtuous Friendship in another World,"* delighted her so much, that it was never out of her reach; and though she found it difficult to deduce from the Scriptures any certain grounds for this consoling doctrine, still she delighted to indulge in it: and as she could never rest till she had tried to convert others to her own opinions, especially where those opinions were likely to increase individual happiness, those only with whom she was not intimate could avoid hearing her descant on this subject, with all that plausible and ingenious fluency which usually attends reasoning from analogy and imagination. While her mind was thus employed, it ceased to prey on its own peace; and though her system sometimes failed to satisfy her, she still found a soothing conviction in the thought, that should we not be permitted "to know and love our friends in heaven," we should be sure not to be *conscious* of the want of those who had been the dearest to us when on earth, but should find all the "ways of God" vindicated "to man."

It was now, while my mother was too constantly thinking of the regretted dead, and I of the still tenderly-remembered living, that a new acquaintance was introduced to us, who had power to withdraw our thoughts from these interesting speculations, and fix them for some time at least upon himself.

Methinks, my dear friend, I see you smile at this distance, and remark to your husband, "Now we shall see what she says of the impression which Count Ferdinand De Walden first made on her, for I never could understand how she could ever prefer another man to him.

You forget how very early in life my affections were turned towards Pendarves, and how soon I learnt to look on constancy in love as a sort of virtue; you also forget the "fascinating graces," and the "irresistible archness," to use your own expression, of Seymour's smile. But this is perhaps an ill-timed digression. Where was I? Oh! at the introduction of a new acquaintance.

My parents had made an acquaintance in America with the Count De Walden, the elder, whom curiosity and the love of travelling had led thither. On the breaking out of the war, he returned to his native country, Switzerland, by way of England; where he was so much pleased with the manners of the people and Constitution of the Government, that he resolved his nephew and heir, Ferdinand De Walden, who was like himself a Protestant, should come over and enter himself at one of the universities. When the time for his admission arrived, the count remembered with renewed interest his acquaintance with my parents and their cousins; and that they now resided in England. Nor was it difficult for him to obtain particulars of their present residence and situation.

His uncle heard with pain that my mother, Seymour, and myself, were the only survivors of that happy family which he had so much loved in the new world. To my mother, however, he was still anxious to introduce his nephew; and he hoped that in Seymour he would find a durable friend at college; but in this expectation he could not be gratified, as he had resolved that Ferdinand should go to the mathematical university, and Seymour was at Oxford. This impossibility my mother thought a fortunate circumstance for Ferdinand.

When De Walden came, and showed, among other letters, one of recommendation to Mr. Seymour Pendarves, she coldly observed, "That letter need not be delivered yet;" and certainly, the appearance of Ferdinand De Walden did not promise much congeniality of disposition and pursuit with Seymour; for the latter, from the light gaiety of his manner and countenance, seemed as if he never thought at all; and the former, from the grave pensiveness and reserve of his, appeared at first sight as if he did nothing but think. The open eye of Seymour invited confidence, the penetrating one of De Walden repelled it; and as the one, when first seen, was sure to inspire admiration if not love, the other was as sure to excite alarm, if not a feeling resembling aversion. For myself, I must own that when De Walden was presented to me by my mother, I experienced towards him a little of the first, though none of the second sensation; for I had been accustomed to look on Seymour as my model for personal beauty and captivation; and the young Swiss, therefore, had not a chance of charming me at first sight. I had not seen my mother so animated for years as she was on the arrival of her foreign guest; for she had greatly esteemed his uncle, and Ferdinand strongly resembled him. With him of course were associated the ever-remembered hours of youth and friendship, wedded love and happiness; and De Walden shone with a radiance not his own. But my mother, much to my annoyance, was not conscious of this: she insisted that his brilliancy was all self-derived; that if she had never known *his uncle*, she would still have admired *him*. By this admiration, I am ashamed to confess, I was piqued and mortified, because I fancied it interfered with the rights of Seymour; and I suspected that, if he should repay the regard of the mother by loving the daughter, I could not without disobedience remain constant to my first attachment.

As De Walden was not to go to college till October, he had leave to stay with us till that time, since it was rather an unusual thing for a fine young man, unless he was a relation, to be the guest of a widow lady and her daughter for so long a period. I was therefore certain that my mother must have some particular point to carry, and that point was, I believed, the alienation of my heart from Seymour Pendarves. These suspicions certainly made me regard Ferdinand the two first days of his arrival with prejudiced eyes, not unmixed with fear of his keenness of penetration. But, in spite of myself, my fear of him vanished, and much of my prejudice with it, when I found that this grave sententious personage, who talked theology with my mother, and tried, poor man! to explain to us some new German philosophy, could laugh as heartily as if he never read and never thought, and had a sense of the ridiculous, which he found sometimes dangerous and troublesome to his good-breeding.

This welcome discovery happened to me at breakfast, while he was reading to us aloud some amusing extracts from a kind of periodical paper, published in France by the Baron De Grimm, one of which was so ludicrous, that he laid down the book to laugh at his ease, while I exclaimed,

"Is it possible?"

"Is what possible, my dear?" said my mother.

"That Mr. De Walden," I repeated rather uncivilly, "can laugh so very heartily."

"Is it not permitted in England?" was his answer.

"Oh, yes?" said I, blushing, and looking very foolish, "only—"

"Oh! I comprehend; you do not like any should laugh in your presence. Alas! beautiful Helen, one must laugh while one can, when one has the happiness of being in your society; for one runs the risk of crying very soon, and perhaps for life."

Here was *gallantry* too, and returning good for evil; though I was rude, he was polite. I was humbled and ashamed, while he, with increasing archness said,

"But what did you mean with your 'Is it possible?' What! you think me a disciple of Crassus, and fancy me never laugh till I see an ass eat a thistle?" he added in his foreign English.

"Shall I tell you what I take you for now?" replied I, venturing to look up in his face, which, for the first time, animated as it now was by pleasantry and the consciousness of appearing to advantage, struck me with the conviction of its excessive physiognomical beauty; and I ceased to wonder at my mother's regard for him, not because he was possessed of great personal attractions, but because beauty of physiognomy cannot exist without corresponding beauty of mind, if not of heart.

"Well," he replied, "and what do you take me for?" speaking with that accent which in him I often thought an additional charm.

"A kind-hearted man and a good Christian: for you returned good for evil, and repaid impertinence by making it the foundation of a compliment. Still, I must presume again, and tell you that I believe your laughs are like *jours de fête*; they do not come *every* day."

"For holidays, no; they never came to me every day, till I came hither; but now, all days are holidays to me, and my saint is Saint Helen."

I was not yet old enough to know how to receive compliments like these without embarrassment; and to hide my awkwardness I exclaimed,

"Why, what can have become of them? I have lost them; they are quite gone."

"But what are you seeking? let me look for it. Tell me."

"My fear and awe of you."

"Fear and awe of me! Oh, let them go away entirely! These are not the sentiments with which I wish to inspire you."

As he said this, there was an expression in his dark eyes which made me turn mine away; and addressing my mother, I told her that our guest reminded me of a little French paper toy which I had seen, called *deux têtes sous un bonnet*; that at first view, it was a monk with a cowl on, but that when the cowl was thrown off, there was a gay and smiling young man. So it was with Mr. De Walden; when he first came, he seemed a grave philosopher, and now he is an absolute lover of fun, and a laugher of the first order.

"In pity tell me, which of these two characters pleases you the most; but pray do not tell me that I offend you less as a philosopher; for who that is near you can long remain a philosopher?"

"I wish you," said I, "to resemble Democritus, who united the two characters of laughter and philosopher; and you, if you please, shall be the latter with my mother; you shall talk wisely and gravely with her, but laugh and talk nonsense now and then with me."

"You agree then to the justice of my proposition, that near you no one can remain a philosopher?"

I shook my head and held up my hand at him, not knowing exactly how to answer; he seized it, and pressed it fervently to his lips. My mother, I saw, enjoyed this dialogue; but my own heart reproached me for having allowed myself to be amused and flattered into a sort of infidelity to Seymour, by a man too who would be, I foresaw, warmly encouraged by my mother.

By this conversation, which has never been effaced from my memory, you will suspect that my flippancy and the evident pleasure with which I kept it up, were proofs that nothing but a prior attachment could have preserved my affections from the power of De Walden, when he once displayed to me all the variety of his talents, and the graces of his mind. Even as it was, they would have had a more certain effect, but for the injudicious eagerness with which my mother tried to force a conviction of them upon me; for then my alarmed feelings took the part of Seymour, and I was piqued into underrating her idol, because she seemed to *overrate* him. How very rarely is it that one can obtain or give an opinion uninfluenced by temper, prejudice, or interest!

"Is he not very handsome?" she used to say.

"Yes, but I have seen a handsomer man."

"Oh, you mean Seymour; he is handsomer certainly, but then he is not near so tall."

"No, but he is better made."

"That *I* never remarked; and I hope you will only impart the result of your observation to *me*: others might think it indelicate. What a fine countenance he has!"

"Yes, *sometimes*, but not always; and I prefer one that is always so: I like *perpetual* rather than *occasional* sunshine. It is disagreeable to have to watch the sun peeping out from behind clouds."

"Helen, Helen!" replied my mother, "weak, foolish girl! to like what no one can on earth obtain—perpetual sunshine in the moral world! And after all, when one considers what this life is, its *long pains* and its *short pleasures*, the *riches* of *one* day succeeded by the *poverty* of the next, the ties which are *firmly knit* only to be *severed* in a *moment*, and our *capacity* and *cause* for *enjoyment* never equal to our *capability* and *cause* of *suffering*; my child, what a *poor, thoughtless, frivolous* being must that be, whose *lip* can always *smile*, and whose *eye* can always *sparkle*, whom fears for *himself* can never *depress*, nor fears for *time* or for *eternity*, or anxiety for the welfare or the peace of others, can alarm into *self-government*!"

You know that when my mother was roused into any mental emotion, she did not talk, she harangued, she spoke as if she read out of a book; it was, as you perceive, the case now.

"My dear mother," replied I, "such a being as you describe would be as odious to me as he could be to you; and his vivacity either of manner or countenance must be the result of want of feelings, affections, or intellect. To *such* perpetual sunshine, I, like you, should object. But then the *clouds* must not be occasioned by the absence of good-humor, or by the presence of sulkiness and ill-humor, or by hypochondriacal tendencies."

"You do not suppose, Helen," she cried, with quickness, "that De Walden is grave only because he is cross, and thoughtful only because he is hypochondriacal?"

"We were talking of individuals, mamma?"

"If not, you know we were thinking of them, Helen; and I feel only too sensible that the pique with which you answer when I praise Ferdinand, springs from your still powerful attachment to Seymour."

I could not deny it; but my conscience reproached me for having, from a feeling of jealousy on poor Seymour's account, not only seemed to insinuate an ill-opinion of Ferdinand, which I did not entertain, but for having also given unnecessary pain to my mother. Oh, my dear friend! how often since I lost her have I reproached myself with these little offences! and what I suffered for the more painful trials which I inflicted on her, no words can describe, no regret can atone. Sad state of human blindness, and human infirmity, when one seems conscious of the duties which one owes to a parent, only after one is utterly deprived of the means to atone for her neglect of them!

By what I have said of my jealousy of my mother's admiration of Ferdinand, you will see how much I had forgiven Seymour's imputed ill-conduct, and how little I adhered to my resolution of forgetting him. His letter and his new prize had much contributed to this. The latter was a proof that he had been leading a regular and studious life; and the former declared that my mother and myself were dearer to him than *any one else* in existence, and that our approbation was what he most coveted. Alas! when one loves, one easily believes what the beloved object asserts.

Still, however, spite of my constancy, De Walden, by his varied talents, his rational pursuits, his instructive conversation, and his active benevolence, gained on my esteem every day. He was constantly occupied himself, and his example stimulated us to equal industry. Weeks, therefore, fled as if they were days; and I felt raised in my own estimation, by seeing myself the constant object of interest to such a man, and also by feeling myself able to appreciate him.

If Seymour had not been able to write elegant prose, and gain prizes, my constancy would have been in great danger. But as it was there was intellectuality on both sides; and I had only to weigh talent against strength of mind and extensive information, throwing a great many pleasant make-weights beside into the scale with the first.

My feelings toward Seymour were now called into fresh vigor by a letter from him, informing my mother that instead of having a monument made on purpose for his beloved parent, which would not have been ready for a considerable time, he had purchased one which had been nearly finished for a gentleman who died before it was completed, and who had intended it for his wife, and which the sculptor had been desired by the heir-at-law not to trouble himself to complete.

This monument Pendarves said had met all his ideas of simple and classical beauty, and it would soon be ready for the inscription. This, he added, he had also enclosed for the approbation of my mother and "his cousin Helen," as he called me; considering the former as the representative of his mother, and me as the only woman after her whom he wished to consult on any of his plans.

We were excessively affected at the receipt of this letter; and De Walden, who was present, appeared distressed at the sight of our emotion. "What do you think of the inscription, my dear?" asked my mother.

"Ask Mr. De Walden what he thinks of it," I replied.

It was as follows:

HERE LIETH ALL THAT WAS MORTAL
OF
THE LADY HELEN PENDARVES.
READER,
PITY ONLY HER SURVIVORS.

On the reverse side were to be the following words:—

THIS MONUMENT
IS ERECTED TO HER MEMORY
AS A TOKEN OF LOVE AND GRATITUDE,
BY HER ONLY CHILD,
WHOSE PROUDEST BOAST IT WILL ALWAYS BE,
THAT HE WAS
THE SON OF SUCH A WOMAN.

As I expected, he exclaimed in its praise; and as he was a great *theorizer*, he added much that delighted me, and much that consequently made my mother uncomfortable.

"It is," cried he, "simple and comprehensive. Oh! I must know him: simple virtues, simple manners, and simple heart. Pompous writers not much real feeling—not *true*. I must know Pendarves; a good son makes a good friend, good every thing. When shall I see him?"

My mother looked grave, and I saw that the observant eye of De Walden remarked our contrary emotions with surprise, if not with uneasiness.

"Then, I may tell Pendarves that you like the inscription; may I, Helen?" said my mother.

"Oh yes, that it is every thing I could wish;" and she retired to write.

When she returned, it was evident that she had been weeping violently; and De Walden, without saying a word, took her hand and pressed it respectfully to his lips.

This action, though it was at once feeling and affectionate, displeased me; for it seemed to my oblique manner of viewing such things, an injury to Pendarves, and in no very pleasant disposition of mind I left the room. Nor can I doubt but that my absence gave my mother an opportunity of telling De Walden all the circumstances of our situation with Seymour; for on my rejoining them I found my mother looking agitated, though also much pleased, and De Walden dejected, abstracted, and silent. Need I add that I had long since had the pain of discovering that he had conceived an attachment for me?

You may easily believe that this letter from Seymour, and my mother's assurance that he would certainly come to see the monument put up, did not tend to further the suit which I foresaw in process of time would be urged to me by De Walden. But the monument was sent down and erected, and yet Pendarves did not arrive. Consequently we thought he would not come at all; still, as precaution is wisdom, my mother with much earnestness conjured me to pledge my solemn word to her, that if he came I would not converse with him alone, should he be ever so desirous of an interview, and that I would avoid him when he called at our house. This was a trial of my filial duty for which I was not prepared, but my mother was so bent on carrying her point, and she so solemnly expressed her conviction that his conduct when in London was not amended, that I gave at last the promise which she requested.

"Now then," said I to myself, "I hope poor Seymour will *not* come down."

Lady Helen's monument was placed next that of her husband, on which, by desire of Lord Seymour, an account of the two families and of the manner of his death, had been engraved in an ostentatious manner. Consequently it had not been necessary for Seymour to give any additional details. My mother likewise had found herself at liberty, when she hung up a beautiful tablet to the memory of her husband, to confine herself to the simplicity which she loved, and these last furnished a curious contrast to the pompous copiousness of the first.

Still it was not to enjoy the superiority of my mother's and Seymour's taste, that I now so often visited the church, and resumed the custom which I had adopted in America, of strewing the graves I honored with flowers. Oh no! it was because the *mother of Seymour Pendarves* and the *dearest friend of my youth* slept beneath that spotless marble: and I not only gratified my own feelings, but was sure my tribute would be gratifying to those of Pendarves.

Of *his* father I had *no* recollection, and of my *own* not sufficient to make such a tribute, had I paid it to him, more than an act of coldly-remembered duty; but my whole heart was interested when I performed it in honor of Lady Helen; and the chill and colorless marble looked warm and glowing, from the profusion of blooming flowers which I loved to scatter on it.

One morning, after offering, as usual, my tribute on this precious monument, and while kneeling beside it, a deep sigh startled me, and I beheld Seymour Pendarves, who had entered at another door, standing in pleased contemplation of me; but the view which I allowed myself of him was short indeed; my promise to my mother forcibly recurred to my mind, and the shriek of surprise and even of alarm which I uttered on beholding him so unexpectedly, was succeeded by my flying with the speed of frenzy to the door behind me, before Seymour, thunderstruck, mortified, and overcome by my seeming terror on observing him, could recover himself sufficiently to prevent or overtake me.

Alas! by the beating of my heart, and the trembling of my whole frame, I knew too well that on hiding myself from him depended my only chance of keeping my promise. I therefore took refuge in a cottage, the owner of which was well known to me, instead of hastening home along the park, where he must with ease have overtaken me. Accordingly, I followed a sharp turning which led through a little lane to the cottage, and making my way through the first room into the back one, I threw myself on a bed, trembling and breathless.

"What is the matter, my dear young lady?" cried the cottager.

"Ask no questions, but shut the door," was my answer.

She obeyed me, and I listened for several minutes for the sound of rapid footsteps, but in vain. I felt mortified at finding that Seymour did not trouble himself to pursue me; still I dared not go home, lest I should meet him on my road. I was therefore obliged to tell the cottager that I had a particular reason for wishing to avoid seeing Mr. Pendarves, and I would thank her to watch, if she could do it unsuspected, for his quitting the church, and inform me which way he went.

"Yes, yes," replied the woman, shaking her head, "he shall not see you if I can help it; for though to be sure I hear he is very good to the poor, folks say he is but a wild one, and they do say—"

Here, with an agonizing heart, and a gesture of indignant impatience, I bade her begone and do as I desired. When she had disappeared, I clasped my hands together convulsively. I sobbed aloud in the anguish of a wounded spirit; "And can it be," I cried, "that he whose sweet and pensive countenance, so full of mournful tenderness, I have just gazed upon for a moment, and shall never be able to forget again; can he be a man whose notoriously profligate habits make him the theme of abuse to a person like this?" No; there is not one pang in the catalogue of human suffering so acute as that which the heart feels from the consciousness of the decided depravity of a being tenderly beloved.

The woman on her return told me, "Mr. Pendarves was certainly seeking me; that he had, on leaving the church, looked round, and then ran several yards at full speed down the park, after which he stopped and she thought it probable that he would soon be past the front window, but she would look out and see." She did so, and having told me in a whisper, adding that "through a hole in the little muslin curtain I could see him without being seen," I was weak enough to take advantage of the opportunity. He walked dejectedly and with folded arms; the glow on his cheek, which the sight of me had deepened, was now succeeded by a deadly paleness; and I felt a bitterness which not even my sense of his errors could assuage, that he was wretched, and that I had made him so. My spy watched him into his own house, and only then I ventured to return to mine. I must say that I look back on this morning, spite of the sufferings which I endured, with much self-satisfaction, as I had completely acted up to the dictates of filial duty under the strongest temptation of disobeying them, as my mother was gone with De Walden to spend the day from home; and had I not conscientiously avoided Seymour, I might even without any positive infringement of duty, have exposed myself to the risk of seeing him undisturbed by her presence. Happily, however, my principles were too firm to allow me to be satisfied with this subterfuge, and, as I before said, I recall this day with satisfaction.

Every hour I expected that Seymour would call, but he did not come: however, I saw his servant ride up to the gate, deliver a note, and wait for an answer. I gave it verbally to my own maid. It was, that Mrs. Pendarves was gone out for the whole day. Shall I confess that I *hoped* Seymour would, on hearing this, make an attempt to see me, though I was resolved to refuse him attendance; and I was *mortified* that he did not? Just before I expected my mother and De Walden would return, I saw Seymour's servant come to the door again, and deliver another note, as it seemed; but when it was brought into the room, I found it was a letter to me! I was at once relieved, agitated, miserable and delighted; yet my hand trembled so much I thought I should never be able to open the letter. The following were its contents:—

"When this letter reaches you, Miss Pendarves, I shall be at a distance from that scene which to me can now never again be a home, but which is endeared to me by such tender recollections, that not even by the miserable ones which now must succeed to them can they be ever effaced.

"Oh, my beloved mother! could you have believed that your son could be refused admittance within the doors of your dearest friend

* See a volume of Sermons written by the Rev. P. Houghton.

and forbidden even to speak to the play-fellow and companion of his childhood, and the once appointed sharer of his heart and his fortunes? Could you have thought that the friend who adored you would have gone from home purposely to avoid him, and to avoid his just reproaches; because, without any *new* offence on his part, she had not only resolved never to allow him to address her daughter, but had pledged that daughter's hand, as he is informed, to another? And yet her parting words were, 'Your marriage with Helen depends wholly on yourself!" These words I never have forgotten; they regulated my conduct, they gave strength to my resolutions; I came hither full of hope, and I go hence overwhelmed with despair. For my claims, claims which I have *never resigned*, have been disregarded, and Helen will be the wife of a stranger, the acquaintance of yesterday!

"Nay more, at sight of me, Helen herself, the conscious Helen, fled as from a pestilence! And at what a moment too, when I had surprised her in an office the most flattering to your memory, and the most precious to my heart!

"Cruel Helen! what have you done? and what have *I* done to be so treated? Surely it was from your mother herself that I should first have heard of your intended marriage. But no: I refused to believe it till your flight and your countenance of terror on seeing me confirmed the horrible truth.

"But though you might not be able to tell it me yourself, why did Mrs. Pendarves avoid me? why, when I wrote to tell her I was coming for a single day, did she not make a point of seeing me either at her own house or at mine? But I will not detain you much longer from your attention to the happy stranger.

"Oh, Helen! had you continued to encourage my hopes, I might have been a happiness to myself and an ornament to society. But now—yes, now, it will be well if I am not a disgrace to it. But why do I continue to write? Shall I tell you, Helen? It is because I feel that I am addressing you for the *last time*; for the wife of the Count De Walden must not, I know, receive letters from

"Seymour Pendarves."

Though I now think, and you will probably think so too, that this letter was written full as much from the head as from the heart, you will not wonder that it bent me to the earth in agony: and that when my mother entered the hall on her return, she heard my voice uttering the tones of loud lamentation, and found me in the arms of the terrified servants. Never have I since suffered myself to be so weakly overpowered. I try to excuse such weakness by the state of my health at the time. Indisposition, and a tendency to a severe feverish cold, had prevented me from accompanying my mother and De Walden. Nor did the sudden surprise of seeing Pendarves steady my nerves, or decrease my fever; but these circumstances prepared the way for the letter to affect me as it did, and to excuse in some measure the state in which my mother beheld me.

An open letter near me, in the hand-writing of Pendarves, accounted for all that she saw. I was become more composed, though I did not speak, and she then eagerly inquired, but she soon desisted, to express her surprise at the charge of having gone out purposely to avoid him: for no such letter had ever reached her: in consequence of some accident it did not arrive till the next day. She declared she could not sleep till she had written to Seymour to exonerate herself from so heavy a charge. I wished to say, "and to assure him, I hope, that I am not engaged to De Walden, that, on the contrary, he is not even a declared lover:" but I *dared* not say this; and my mother read on—but she read hastily, and wished, I saw, to conceal from me the painful emotions which the letter occasioned her. She therefore insisted on my forgetting these ill-founded reproaches, as she called them; she then left me, to write to Seymour.

The next morning Seymour's servant came to say, he was going to rejoin his master, and wished to know if we had any commands for him. To him, therefore, was consigned the exculpatory letter. But of this I had no knowledge at the time; for when my mother and the servant entered the room next day, they found me in all the restlessness of fast-increasing illness, and my mother, before night, was assured by the medical attendants, that I was suffering under a very formidable attack of the scarlet fever.

For three days and nights my life was despaired of: and as, according to the merciful dispensations of Providence, "good always springs from evil," my mother learnt to know, from the danger of her only child, that life was not so valueless to her, as she was sometimes disposed to think it. But hope succeeding to fear, on the fourth morning from my seizure I was pronounced out of danger. Yet a cloud, and that a dark one, still hung over my mother's prospects: for I had named Seymour in my delirium, in such terms as convinced her that he was ever uppermost in my mind, and that my illness had been the consequence of misery endured on his account.

De Walden, during this time, was in a state of painful anxiety. Scarcely could he be prevailed upon to keep out of the infected chamber; his nights were never once passed in bed, till I was declared to be in safety; and on my recovery, I had to experience the mortifying necessity of owing gratitude where I believed that I could never make an adequate return of affection.

Well, I recovered, though I remained for many weeks thin, languid, and afflicted with the disagreeable local complaints which often attend the subsiding of a fever like mine, particularly inflammations of the eyelids, and I could not bear for some time to have my eyes uncovered. During this period of suffering, De Walden devoted his whole time to amusing me. He read to me while I reclined upon the sofa, and I forgot my complaints while listening to his intelligent comments on what he read. It was therefore with considerable concern that I saw him depart for Cambridge, in October; but my concern was joy to his. Never did I see any one more agitated on such an occasion, and scarcely could the presence of my mother restrain the declaration of love which hovered on his lips, and which I dreaded to hear! but he did restrain it; for he had promised her that he would do so, on her assurance that the time was not come for its being favorably received.

At Christmas he returned to us, and the surprise which he showed at sight of me, convinced us of the great change which had taken place in my appearance, in consequence, as is sometimes the case at my age, (for I was not yet seventeen,) of a severe fever. I was become taller by several inches; that is, I had become from five feet five, full five feet eight, and from my upright carriage, as I have heard you remark, I look considerably taller. But I am quite sure, that had the attachment of De Walden been founded on my personal appearance, it would, during his stay with us, have completely vanished: for my eyes were inflamed, my *embonpoint* had not increased, and my color was not only gone, but my complexion looked thick as well as pale. I perceived, however, no diminution in the ardent devotion which his manner expressed, and I sighed while I thought, that had Seymour Pendarves seen me, he perhaps would not have remained so constant.

What an argument was this belief for me to try to conquer my attachment! But certain it is, that the example of Lady Helen and my mother influenced me, even unconsciously to myself, and that I considered eternal constancy as praiseworthy, and not blameable. Love had led my mother and my admirable friend and monitress to leave their parents and country, and they had wept the loss of husbands thus exclusively beloved, in sacred singleness of attachment. It was in vain, therefore, that my mother told me love was to be conquered, and that she insinuated it was even indelicate to pine after an object who was perhaps unworthy, and certainly negligent, if not faithless. Her example, as I before said, had raised the passion in my estimation; the object of my love was one on whom my eyes had first opened, one who associated with my earliest and happiest recollections, one too, who, she must remember, had at an early age saved my life at the hazard of his own, (a story I shall tell by-and-by); and I could not but think she wished me to forget Seymour, chiefly because she preferred Ferdinand. I believe I have forgotten to mention, that Seymour Pendarves went abroad as soon as he left our village, and that he did not receive my mother's explanatory letter till several months after it was written.

In January, De Walden returned to college, and I was still so unwell, that my mother wished me to change the air; and as business required her to undertake a journey, we set off, in February, on a tour.

I have never, I believe, during my whole narrative, mentioned some of my relations more than once, and this has been from a wish of not encumbering it with unnecessary characters. The uncle with whom my mother had lived previously to her marriage, who occasionally spent months at our house, and whom we visited in return, died suddenly, at a very advanced age, during my illness. It was this event which called my mother, as one of the executors, as well as residuary legatee, from her home.

The weather was cold, dry, February weather, and the brightness of the road, from the effect of frost and sun, was so painful to my eyes, that my mother resolved to travel all night, and repose in the day, after our second stage from London; and we set off for Oxford at one in the morning. From the ruggedness of the road, however, and the care which our coachman always took of our horses, we had full leisure to dwell on the possibility of our being robbed; when about three in the morning, two horsemen rode past the carriage, and one of them looked into the window next my mother, which she had just let down; but he rode on, and we were grasping each other's hand, in terrified silence, when he came back again, and desired the postillions to stop. Our footman, who was on the box, was disposed to resist this command; when a faint voice, the voice of the other gentleman, who now rode slowly up, conjured them to stop for mercy's sake, for they were not highwaymen; the first now came up to the window, and begged to be heard.

He and his friend, he said, were Oxford students, who had been to London, without leave; and if they were missing another morning at chapel, they were liable to a punishment which they wished to avoid: but they should certainly have reached Oxford in excellent time, had not his companion been taken extremely ill; and unless we would take him in, he must stop at the next house, at whatever risk.

You may suppose that my mother did not hesitate; she instantly desired the footman to assist the gentleman into the coach, and mount his horse—a plan which was thankfully acceded to. His companion instantly galloped off at full speed for Oxford.

The invalid, unable to speak, sunk back exhausted in one corner, and seemed most thankful, though he spoke almost inaudibly, for the use of my mother's smelling-bottle.

The weather had now experienced such a change, that the frost was gone; though the night was so dark, that the stranger could not distinguish our faces, nor we his. Indeed, he appeared to be insensible of external objects, and heedless of sounds, for he did not always answer my mother's kind inquiries.

I, meanwhile, was as silent as the invalid, and sat back in the coach, to indulge in the feelings which agitated me at the idea, that before long I should be in the very place which probably contained Pendarves, but without the remotest chance of seeing him. At length, we heard a village-clock strike four, and day began to dawn; my mother let down the glass, to feel, for a while, the refreshing breeze of morning. As she did this, desiring me to keep my thick veil wrapped close round my face, for fear of cold, the invalid said he would put his head out of the window, for he thought that the air would revive him. My mother drew back to make room for him; when, as the rays of the red yellow dawn fell on his wan face, she recognised in this object of her kindness, Seymour Pendarves himself.

He, too, as her veil was thrown back, knew her at the same moment; and faintly ejaculating—

"Is it possible?" he turned his eyes eagerly toward me, then seized both her hands, and resting them on her knees, buried his face in them, and burst into tears; while, with the hand next me, he grasped mine, which was involuntarily extended towards him.

A painful silence ensued—the result of most uncomfortable feelings, which, on the side of Pendarves, were accompanied by the most distressing consciousness; for we had as it were detected him in a breach of college rules; and, but for us, his irregularity of conduct might, perhaps, have exposed him to the disgrace of expulsion; so much for that amendment on which *alone* depended his union with me. That was an event, however, which, though we knew it not, he had ceased to think probable; for the report of my engagement to De Walden was still current, wherever we were known; and if he had not known that Mr. Pendarves, the head of the family, knew nothing of this intended marriage, Seymour would have been convinced it was a fact *himself*.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE DICKENS DOMESTIC AFFAIR.

The following letters are in circulation among the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Dickens:

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, London, W. R., Tuesday, May 25, 1858.

My Dear Arthur: You have not only my full permission to show this, but I beg you to show it, to any one who wishes to do me right, or to any one who may have been misled into doing me wrong. Faithfully, &c., C. D.

To Arthur Smith, Esq.

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, London, W. E., Tuesday, May 25, 1858.

Mrs. Dickens and I have lived unhappily together for many years. Hardly any one who has known us intimately can fail to have known that we are, in all respects of character and temperament, wonderfully unsuited to each other. I suppose that no two people, not vicious in themselves, ever were joined together, who had a greater difficulty in understanding one another, or who had less in common. An attached woman servant (more friend to both of us than a servant), who lived with us sixteen years, and is now married, and who was, and still is, in Mrs. Dickens's confidence and in mine, who had the closest familiar experience of this unhappiness, in London, in the country, in France, in Italy, wherever we have been, year after year, month after month, week after week, day after day, will bear testimony to this.

Nothing has, on many occasions, stood between us and a separation but Mrs. Dickens's sister, Georgina Hogarth. From the age of fifteen she has devoted herself to our house and our children. She has been their playmate, nurse, instructress, friend, protectress, adviser and companion. In the manly consideration toward Mrs. Dickens which I owe to my wife, I will merely remark of her that the peculiarity of her character has thrown all the children on some one else. I do not know—I cannot by any stretch of fancy imagine—what would have become of them but for this aunt, who has grown up with them, to whom they are devoted, and who has sacrificed the best part of her youth and life to them.

She has remonstrated, reasoned, suffered and toiled, and came again to prevent a separation between Mrs. Dickens and me. Mrs. Dickens has often expressed to her her sense of her affectionate care and devotion in the house—never more strongly than within the last twelve months.

For some years past Mrs. Dickens has been in the habit of representing to me that it would be better for her to go away and live apart; that her always increasing estrangement made a mental disorder under which she sometimes labors—more, that she felt herself unfit for the life she had to lead as my wife, and that she would be better far away. I have uniformly replied that we must bear our misfortune, and fight the fight out to the end; that the children were the first consideration, and that I feared they must bind us together "in appearance."

At length, within these three weeks, it was suggested to me by Forster, that even for their sakes it would surely be better to reconstruct and rearrange their unhappy home. I empowered him to treat with Mrs. Dickens, as the friend of both of us for one-and-twenty years. Mrs. Dickens wished to add, on her part, Mark Lemon, and did so. On Saturday last, Lemon wrote to Forster that Mrs. Dickens "gratefully and thankfully accepted" the terms I proposed to her.

Of the pecuniary part of them, I will only say that I believe they are as generous as if Mrs. Dickens were a lady of distinction and I a man of fortune. The remaining parts of them are easily described—my eldest boy to live with Mrs. Dickens and take care of her; my eldest girl to keep my house: both my girls, and all my children but the eldest son, to live with me, in the continued companionship of their aunt Georgine, for whom they have all the tenderest affection that I have ever seen among young people, and who has a higher claim (as I have often declared for many years) upon my affection, respect and gratitude than anybody in this world.

I hope that no one who may become acquainted with what I write here, can possibly be so cruel and unjust as to put any misconstruction on our separation so far. My elder children all understand it perfectly, and all accept it as inevitable. There is not a shadow of doubt or concealment among us—my eldest son and I are one, as to it all.

Two wicked persons, who should have spoken very differently of me, in consideration of earned respect and gratitude, have (as I am told, and indeed to my personal knowledge,) coupled with this separation the name of a young lady for whom I have a great attachment and regard. I will not repeat her name—I honor it too much. Upon my soul and honor, there is not on this earth a more virtuous and spotless creature than that young lady. I know her to be innocent and pure, and as good as my own dear daughters. Further, I am quite sure that Mrs. Dickens, having received this assurance from me, must now believe it, in the respect I know her to have for me, and in the perfect confidence I know her, in her better moments, to repose in my truthfulness.

On this head, again, there is not a shadow of doubt or concealment between my children and me. All is open and plain among us, as though we were brothers and sisters. They are perfectly certain that I would not deceive them, and the confidence among us is without a fear.

C. D.

May 29, 1858.

It having been stated to us that in reference to the differences which have resulted in the separation of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Dickens, certain statements have been circulated that such differences are occasioned by circumstances deeply affecting the moral character of Mr. Dickens, and compromising the reputation and good name of others, we solemnly declare that we now disbelieve such statements. We know that they are not believed by Mrs. Dickens, and we pledge ourselves on all occasions to contradict them, as entirely destitute of foundation.

[Here follow the signatures of Mrs. Hogarth and her youngest daughter.] D. J. A.

☞ Goose.—At a Fourth of July celebration, held at Lexington, the following toast was offered:—

"Hoops and Tight Pants—The unqualified representatives of financial extremes. May the charms of the ladies be as boundless as their skirts: and may the gents never get as tight as their breeches."

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Arabia brings the full advices to the 6th. In the collision with the Europa, the Arabia started her cutwater, stove a hole in her port bow, damaged her port wheelhouse, and came the remainder of the voyage with one engine and one wheel.

The Telegraph Cable.—The British frigate Agamemnon arrived at Valentia on the morning of the 5th inst., and the successful laying of the cable sent up the telegraph shares in one day from £350 to £850. In recorded transactions in Atlantic shares, holders apparently being unwilling to effect realizations much below par, closing quotations were £900 to £950, being a further improvement. A breach of continuity occurred in the cable on the evening of the day that the Niagara and Agamemnon parted company in mid-ocean, which lasted an hour and a-half. The Agamemnon was stopped and the injury repaired, though not until the hopes of holding to the cable had been abandoned. On Friday, the 30th ult., encountered a gale, against which the ship, under full steam, could hardly make headway. The three succeeding days the gale continued with violent squalls, the sea running tremendously high, and no one expecting the cable to hold from one moment to another. On Wednesday, the weather moderated, the shallow water was gained, and all went well until the Agamemnon anchored in Dowlas Bay.

The financial and general position of the Atlantic Telegraph Company now appears to be as follows:—Their original paid up capital was £350,000, and this has since been increased to £459,000, an additional £31,000 having been raised a short time back, and £75,000 in shares having been created to be handed over in payment for the exclusive privileges assigned to the Company, immediately on the successful completion of the undertaking. Although the amount to participate in dividend is £456,000, the capital actually received is £381,000. Out of this the charge of the entire cable has been paid, together with all other expenses, and a small cash balance is still in hand, applicable to the current outlay. It is understood that the only additional capital now intended to be raised is the small sum that will bring the total to £500,000, and which is required for the stations, &c., that remain to be established.

After the second parting of the cable, Mr. Brooking, the Deputy Chairman of the Board of Directors, was violently opposed to proceeding any farther in the enterprise, and when he found he could not bring his American colleague and the acting manager, Mr. Field, over to his way of thinking, he indignantly resigned his position and withdrew from all active participation in the proceedings. Mr. William Brown, of Liverpool, another Director, was also decidedly opposed to any farther prosecution of the enterprise. He would not attend the meetings of the Board of Directors, but wrote them a letter instead, urging the Board to give up the enterprise as a failure, sell out their property and disband the Company. Others of the Directors were disposed to follow this advice, but Mr. Field stood out firmly against every proposition looking to an abandonment of the work. He was sanguine of success. He knew "no such word as fail." He contended perseveringly and successfully against the arguments and fears of the croakers, and eventually, through the force of his own character, bringing a majority of the Directors to consent to a third trial. The result fully justifies his sagacity.

The "London Times" argues the speedy submersion of a second Atlantic cable.

The German papers state that the Queen of England's visit to Berlin is to arrange the question of the Regency, with a view to protect the interests of her daughter. The Emperor and Empress of France were received with great enthusiasm on their way to Cherbourg. The Queen of England and the Emperor met on Thursday on board the Bretagne. The weather was magnificent, and the fetes were carried out according to programme. The King of Holland was about to abdicate. The Prince of Orange will be of age on September 4th.—Relations between Naples and France are to be resumed soon. The French crops had been injured by rains. The conspirators arrested at St. Etienne are to be transported without trial. The Belgian Chambers had rejected the project of the fortification of Antwerp. It was rumored that the Sultan was about to employ Abd El Kader to allay the religious excitement of the Moslems. Relations between Persia and England had been re-established.

Speeches of the Emperor Napoleon and Prince Albert at Cherbourg.

Cherbourg, Aug. 6.—The Queen and Prince Consort were entertained at dinner by the Emperor of the French, on board the line of battle ship "Le Bretagne." The Emperor, in proposing the health of Her Majesty and the Royal Family of England, made a speech, in which he said:—

"I am happy to be enabled to express the sentiments by which I am actuated upon this occasion of the Queen's visit to Cherbourg. The facts do indeed speak for themselves, and prove that the hostile passions which were excited by some unfortunate incidents have never been able to alter the friendship which exists between the two countries, or the desire of the people to remain at peace. I have, therefore, the fond hope that, if any attempt were made to revive again the rancors of a former period, such attempt would be foiled with the good sense of the public, as the waves are baffled by yonder breakwater, which at this moment serves to protect the squadrons of both Empires against the violence of the sea."

The Prince Consort, on behalf of Her Majesty, responded to the toast, in doing which he said:—

"The Queen is most sensible of the words we have just heard, which will ever be dear to her. The Queen is doubly happy in having an opportunity by her presence here to join the Emperor in endeavoring to draw together as much as possible the ties of friendship which exist between the two nations. That friendship has their mutual prosperity for its basis, and the blessing of Heaven will not be wanting to confirm it."

With whiskers thick upon my face
I went my fair to see;
She told me she could never love
A *bear* faced chap like me.
I shaved them clean, then called again,
And thought my troubles o'er;
She laughed outright, and said I was
More *bare faced* than before!

☞ Refrain from bitter words: there is only the difference of a letter between words and swords.

☞ When the Persian poet, Hafiz, was asked by the philosopher, Zinda, what he was good for, he replied—"Of what use is a flower?" "A flower is good to smell," replied Zinda. "Then I am good to smell it," said Hafiz.

☞ Be not slow in the breaking of a sinfull customes: a quick, courageous resolution is better than a graduall deliberation; in such a combate, he is the bravest soldier that layes about him without feare or wit. Wit pleades; feare disheartens; he that would kill Hydra, had better strike off one neck than five heads; fell the tree and the branches are soon cut off.—*Quarles.*

☞ An old farmer, who had been badly swindled in a western town, said of it: "If the angel Gabriel happens to light there, there'll be no resurrection, for they will swindle him out of his trumpet before he can make a single toot."

THE PRESIDENT AT THE RELAY HOUSE.

Familiar as our people are generally with the unostentatious habits of the chief officers of our government, one cannot witness them, with the knowledge of the pomp of show of royalty to invite the contrast, without involuntarily indulging it. On Saturday last, President Buchanan arrived at the Relay House, or Washington Junction, as it is more properly called, en route for Washington city. There was a rumor abroad that he was to arrive, and the visitors had consequently grouped about the house when the train came along. We soon perceived the President coming from the cars to the platform, looking hearty, but thoroughly travel soiled, smiling and cheerful. By his side, and evidently offering with gentlemanly deference the courtesy of attention, was a rather rough looking individual, whom we took for a conductor or brakesman—the gentleman will excuse our blundering in such a matter—but who, upon inquiry, we were informed was Sir Wm. Gore Ousely.

On passing into the bar-room, the President threw off his coat and his white neckcloth, carelessly pitching them over a chair, opened his shirt collar, and tucked up his sleeves for a wash, conveniences for this purpose being in the apartment. At the time, however, both basins were occupied by two young men, neither of whom seemed to be aware that the President was about. He waited patiently some time, when some one spoke and invited him up stairs. He declined, however, quietly remarking that he would "wait for his turn." And as soon as the basins were vacated, he took his turn in a jolly good wash in the public bar-room. This done, he seemed rather perplexed about the arrangement of his neckcloth, and seemed likely to tie his nose and mouth up in it. Somebody just then offered assistance, and the President was briefly equipped.

At about this time, a person who had come into the room, sung out pretty near to him, "Look here, I thought the old Pres. was to be here to-day?" The speech was cut short by a nudge, while a momentary comical expression passed across the face of that same "old Pres." A cigar was handed to him by a friend; he took a good, satisfying drink—not old rye, which he is said to affect when prime—but ice-water, had barely fired up the cigar, when the bell rung, and "all aboard" summoned the Chief Magistrate of the United States to a seat in the cars, and away they went to Washington.

We took our admiration of this scene of republican simplicity quietly with us into the cars for Baltimore, and mused with some complacency over the sterling honor of being an American citizen.—*Baltimore Sun, 16th inst.*

Resignation of Mr. Field, &c.—Mr. Field persists in his resignation of the active managership of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, owing to the impaired state of his health and the pressure of his private business, notwithstanding the opposition expressed by the stockholders here.

Carbonear, N. F., Aug. 19.—The cable is working beautifully. A. McKay, the Superintendent of the Newfoundland line, sent a very explicit message to-day from Cyrus station to Mr. McIver, the Agent of the Cunard line of steamers at Liverpool, respecting the disaster which occurred to the steamer Europa.

We have an unofficial statement from Valentia, that it is possible to receive from Trinity Bay about sixty signals per minute. If this is true, it would seem to indicate the possibility of transmitting by the system of Professor Whitehouse about three words of average length per minute, or, by the system of Professor Hughes, assuming that each electrical impulse may be made to print a complete letter, about ten or twelve words per minute. We understand that the Company propose to give Professor Whitehouse ample time to test his system thoroughly, after which Professor Thompson will test his invention (which is quite different from that of Professor Whitehouse,) and after him Professor Hughes, of New York, will have an opportunity to test the capabilities of his most extraordinary invention, which is, we understand, about to be introduced upon one of the lines between London and Liverpool.

Miss Lane at the Bedford Springs.—Whilst alluding to the toilets of the ladies, we may remark that the three young ladies who pay the least attention to the requirements of fashion, are the President's niece, Miss Lane, the daughter of Senator Bright, and Miss Ousley (daughter of Sir William Ousley.) Miss Lane is of a very neat person and figure, but is always attired with great simplicity and good taste. She seems to discard all jewelry except earrings and breastpin, and is the last person you would take to be the leading lady of the President's household. In her manners she is free and courteous to every one, without a particle of pride or hauteur. Miss Bright has a bright, good-humored countenance, and an easy, graceful manner, equally free from hauteur, and as democratic in her intercourse with the visitors as her companion, Miss Lane. Her pleasing manners render her one of the leading belles of the season. They seem to have come here to enjoy themselves, and may be found strolling on the mountain in the morning, promenading or riding out in the afternoon and evening, and joining in the waltz or quadrille at night; and do not consider it sacrilegious to be seen twice in one day in the same dress.

An Organic Difficulty.—A parish in the west of England, after much effort lately purchased a self-acting organ, warranted to play twenty tunes, and a larger congregation than usual met to inaugurate it. The first psalm had been successfully brought to an end, when, after a short pause, the organ chose to commence psalm tune number two. In vain the officiating persons endeavored to stop it; in vain the church warden left their own pews to stifle the noise; still the organ, as though uncontrollably pleased with its own execution, kept on with the new air. What was to be done? The service was suspended, in the hope that the musical stranger might be content when the second tune was played out. Vain expectation! It commenced number three! and nothing remained but to carry the instrument into the churchyard, and there to cover it with the vestry carpet to choke its voice, for on and on it went till the number of twenty tunes had been played out much to the edification of the less attentive part of the congregation, who could hear only half-smothered melodies.—*London Times.*

☞ The craving for public office is one of the worst of social maladies. It spreads through the entire nation a venal and a servile humor, which by no means excludes the spirit of faction and love of anarchy. It creates a crowd of hungry beings, capable of the utmost fury to assuage their appetites, and ready for any baseness when the appetites have been appeased. A people of place-hunters is the most worthless of all populations.—*Count de Montalembert.*

☞ The slightest sorrow for sin is sufficient, if it produce amendment: the greatest is insufficient if it do not.—*Colton.*

☞ A writer from the "Tip-Top House," Mount Washington, who with others reached there in a rain storm, says that after dinner they sat around a charcoal fire and counted noses, and found that the party consisted of five *rain-deers* and twelve *rain-beaus*.

☞ A digger in the gold regions, writing to his friends, says, "Three days of exploration with the spade had enabled him to discover several very small grains of gold, and several tons of exaggeration."

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The Flour Market has undergone no essential change since our last report. Supplies continue to come forward slowly, and the stocks are very much reduced. There has been, however, but little export demand, and prices are firm, notwithstanding the limited inquiry for export. The sales for shipment comprise only 500 bbls at $4,37½@4,75 ℔ bbl for old stock recently ground; $5@5,25 for fresh ground, the latter made from new Wheat; and $5,25@5,75 for Western Extra, including 1000 bbls Extra Family at $6@6,12½; 300 bbls Jenny Lind at $6,25; 200 bbls Middlings at $3,62½ ℔ bbl, and 100 bbls sour on terms not made public. The sales to the trade have been to a moderate extent within the range of these quotations for Common and Extra brands, and Fancy lots from $6 to $6,75, according to quality and freshness. Rye Flour is scarce, and has advanced 25c ℔ bbl, sales of 300 bbls at $3,75@4. Corn Meal is also scarce, but there has been very little inquiry, sales of 100 bbls Pennsylvania at $4 ℔ bbl.

GRAIN—There has been a fair inquiry for Wheat from the millers, but the improvement noted last week has not been maintained. The receipts, however, have been only moderate. Sales of 27,500 bushels old and new Southern and Pennsylvania, chiefly new, ranging from $1,10 for ordinary, up to $1,25 ℔ bus for prime Reds, and $1,20@1,42 for White, chiefly at $1,20@1,23 for Red and $1,35@1,40 for White, including 1400 bus very choice Kentucky at $1,40@1,45 and fair Tennessee at $1,35. Rye is in demand for distilling. Sales of 2000 bus at 80@85c for old and 70c for new. Corn has been unsettled. Supplies have been coming forward more freely, and prices have again declined. Sales of 20,000 bus Yellow at 83c up to 90c, closing with sales at 83@84c from store and 87c afloat. New Oats are in moderate supply, and old are scarce and wanted. Sales of 20,000 bus of the former, chiefly Delaware, at 40c, and some new and old at 41c, and 2000 bus old brought 42½@46c. A lot of 600 bus poor old Virginia sold at 36c.

PROVISIONS—There has been a better feeling in the market generally, and more firmness in the prices of Pork and Lard, while for Bacon holders have put up their prices. Pork is in steady demand. Sales of Mess at $18,25, on time, and some thin Mess at $17,75. City packed Mess Beef sells slowly for ship's stores at $16@16½ cash. Bacon has been in steady request, and with light receipts and small stock, prices have advanced ½c ℔ lb. Sales of 300 casks, ranging from 11 to 13c for Hams; 9½@9¾c for Sides, now held at 10c; and 7½@7½c, on time, for Shoulders. The stock of bulk Meats is nearly exhausted, and only a few small sales have been effected at 8½@9c for Hams, and 6½c for Shoulders. The stock of Lard is light, and prices firm. Small sales of bbls at 12c, and kegs at 13c, 60 days. Butter has been in better demand. Solid packed sells at 10½@12½c ℔ lb, in bbls and kegs. Cheese meets a limited inquiry at 8½c for good New York. Ohio is scarce.

COTTON—The market has been quiet at the decline noted at the close of last week, the manufacturers manifesting no disposition to purchase, except for the supply of their pressing wants, until within a day or two, when a good inquiry sprung up; sales of 780 bales, principally Upland, at 11½c ℔ lb for inferior, up to 13½c ℔ lb, cash, for middling fair quality.

COFFEE—The market has been quiet, the auction sales having attracted most of the attention of the trade, but holders are firm, as the stock in first hands is now reduced to about 5000 bags; sales of 500 bags Rio at 10¾@11½c ℔ lb, on time; 2093 do by auction at 8½@10½c, and 250 bags St Domingo at 9½@10½c, on time.

BARK remains without change. Small sales of No 1 Quercitron at $33 ℔ ton, at which price it is freely offered. Tanners' Bark is dull, and there is not much coming forward. We quote Spanish Oak at $12@13 ℔ cord, and Chestnut at $10@11.

BEESWAX is held firmly at 31c ℔ lb, cash, for good yellow, with small sales at this figure.

COAL—Orders come in slowly, and the market continues dull, but without any particular change to note in prices, which rule about stationary; the receipts and stocks are light for the season, but fully equal to the demand.

FEATHERS—But few offering; small sales of good Western at 45@48c ℔ lb, on time.

FRUIT—In Dried Apples there has been more doing, and considerable sales have been made at 7c ℔ lb, which is an advance. Green Apples are selling from $2 to 5 ℔ bbl. Peaches are more abundant, and range from 62½ to $2,50 ℔ basket.

HEMP is very quiet and no sales have been reported.

HIDES—The stock in first hands is now very materially reduced. An import of 5530 Laguayra, Porto Cabello and Caracas have arrived, a portion of which, 3000, have been shipped to New York.

HOPS are in little better request. Small sales of first sort Eastern and Western at 6@8c ℔ lb.

IRON—The market for Pig Metal continues extremely quiet, and only 500 tons No 1 Anthracite have been disposed of at $21, cash, and 3000 tons No 2 Forge and Foundry, on terms not made public. In Scotch Pig nothing doing, and prices are nominal. Blooms are held firmly. A small lot of Charcoal sold at $65. Prices of Bar and Boiler Iron continue as last quoted.

LEAD is dull. Sales of 150 pigs Virginia at 5½c ℔ lb, cash.

LEATHER—There is very little doing, as there is no demand, except for prime qualities of Spanish Sole and Slaughter, of which the stocks are now very much reduced.

LUMBER has been very quiet. Sales of Southern Sap Boards at $12,50@14, and Spruce Joist at $12,25 ℔ M feet. Laths are dull at $1,20@1,30 ℔ M. Pickets are not wanted.

MOLASSES—The market has been extremely quiet, there being but little stock here to operate in. Sales of Cuba Muscovado at 32c, and Portland Syrup at 27c, on time.

SUGAR—The market has been quiet since our last notice, supplies having come forward rather more freely. Prices are firm, notwithstanding there has been less inquiry. Sales of 1200 hhds Cuba at 7½@8¼c, on time, and some Porto Rico at 8½@9c.

SEEDS—There is a fair demand for Cloverseed, but the supplies come in slowly. Sales of 300 bushels fair and prime quality at $5,25@5,50 ℔ 64 lbs. Timothy commands $2,25, and Flaxseed $1,65@1,68.

SPIRITS—The stock of Brandy and Gin are quite moderate, but there is less inquiry. Prices, however, remain as last quoted. N E Rum sells at 38@40c. Whiskey is scarce, but the demand for it has fallen off. Sales of bbls at 28@29c for Penna and Ohio; hhds at 27½@28c, and drudge at 27c.

TALLOW—There has been but little inquiry. Sales of Country Rendered at 9c, and City at 9¼@9½c, cash.

TOBACCO—Sales of 20 hhds Kentucky and Maysville Leaf on terms not made public. For some descriptions of fine manufactured prices have advanced 2@3c ℔ lb.

WOOL—There has been a good demand for manufacturing, and prices are well maintained. Among the sales we notice about 250,000 lbs., including common at 33@38c; ¼ blood at 37@38c; ½ blood at 40c, and full blood and fine at 43@47½c ℔ lb, cash.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Aug. 21.—BREADSTUFFS—The Flour market is unsettled and excited, with an advance. Sales of 1500 bbls. State at $4,80@5; Ohio $4,75@5,15, Southern $5,40@5,80. Wheat has advanced 2@3c; 12,000 bushels sold; Southern red $1,26@1,32; white $1,40@1,55; Western $1,25@1,35. Corn—20,000 bushels sold; mixed is 2c higher; sales at 76@88c. Mess Pork heavy at $17@17,10. Lard steady. Whiskey dull.

COTTON—We quote as follows:

New York Classification.	Uplands.	Florida.	Mobile.	N. O. & Tex.
Ordinary	10½	10½	10½	10½
Middling	12½	12½	12½	13
Md'ling fair	13½	13½	13¾	13½

HOPS are selling at 8c for 1858's, and 6@7c for 1857's.

☞ "Good news, Belhoul," said a wag of Balsora; "the caliph has appointed you governor of all the apes and hogs in the kingdom." "Prepare, then," replied Belhoul, "to obey my commands."

☞ True courage is the result of reasoning. A brave mind is always impregnable. Resolution lies more in the head than in the veins, and a just sense of honor and of infamy, of duty and of religion, will carry us further than all the force of mechanism.—*Collier.*

A ST. LOUIS ROMANCE.

Strange Vicissitudes in the Life of a Nobleman

The St. Louis Republican records the death of an old man in that city, and in regard to his life furnishes the following:—

Many years ago Baron Frederick Von Oertel, whose family was one of the most independent and aristocratic in Saxony, fell in love with a poor girl and determined to marry her. He thus incurred the displeasure of his wealthy father, who, on learning of the proposed alliance, at once disinherited the young nobleman and turned him from his doors. This sudden reverse exasperated and maddened the lover, and bidding a silent farewell to the home of his childhood, and without informing the object of his affection, he bent his course to this country. On arriving here he joined the United States Army, and served ten years as a soldier. It is said that his bravery and true heroism on the fields of Mexico won the admiration of all who had opportunities to observe them.

At the expiration of the ten years' service, he returned to Germany to ascertain how the estate of his family was managed. He found that his parents were in their graves, and that the property was distributed equally among his brothers and sisters, himself being wholly overlooked and disregarded in the will. To add to his dark fortunes, he ascertained that the girl who was the innocent cause of his ruin had married and moved away. Von Oertel's mind had never fully recovered from the shock this intelligence had created. Wandering in reason, he returned to the United States and came to St. Louis. Here he was prostrated by violent sickness for some months. When he convalesced, he found himself entirely destitute of means. His pride was thoroughly broken down, and, for a livelihood, the Baron actually took to selling "bretzels," a kind of pastry much in favor with the Germans. He continued in this paltry but honest business for sixteen or eighteen years, and gained the appellation of "Bretzel Fritz."

Three years ago, having saved up the snug sum of $900, and having met one of the opposite sex in whom he thought he could confide, and whom he believed would make him a good and faithful wife, though she was several years his junior, Von Oertel was married. One day, a few months afterwards, on going home with his basket, he found that his wife had eloped with a seducer, and not content with bringing her husband to disgrace, had taken his money and everything of any value about the house, leaving him in possession of a basket of bretzels and a dishonored heart. The old man, for he was now fifty-three years of age, quietly bore his new grief, and again, with perhaps an imprecation on the false one, addressed himself to the one great task of his life—forgetting.

"Bretzel Fritz" has been well known in St. Louis—a wrinkled, slow-paced, stooping old man, with his basket on his arm and rarely a smile on his face. In the last three years he has laid away $400, the profits of his little business. Yesterday he was buried, having been sick three or four weeks. Before he expired he benevolently bequeathed his small possessions to the orphan children of a poor man well known to many of our citizens, who died about a year ago. And so ended the eventful career of Baron Frederick Von Oertel.

WHOSE WORK IS IT?—In the town of Hopkins, Whiteside County, Illinois, there is what is termed an antediluvian well, whose existence it will probably puzzle geologists and theorists to account for. The facts about the well, as related by a correspondent of a Chicago paper, seem to be these:

Mr. Finch had occasion to dig a well, and the workmen having dug down about twenty-seven feet from the surface in the usual prairie soil came upon a stratum of black, vegetable soil, containing the remains of wood in a tolerably good state of preservation, branches of trees resembling cedar, &c. Near the lower edge of this stratum the workmen came upon a wall, made of flat stones, which, upon examination, was soon found to be circular, and of about the size of an ordinary well. One side of this wall was found to be about a foot and a half higher than the other. It was also found that the workmen had not dug down exactly over the newly discovered well, but a few inches aside. They pursued their investigations and found that the well was eight to ten feet deep, and built in a substantial manner. It was filled with the black, vegetable soil, and remains of cedar found at the top of the well. Upon clearing out this soil and muck, there was abundance of good water.

There was also found in the bottom of the well about enough stone to make the top of the wall of equal height. The soil exterior to the wall was entirely different from that in the interior, resembling somewhat the soil overlying the three feet of black, vegetable soil. Upon this old wall the workmen built their new wall. We should have gone down into the well to see for ourselves, but the recent rains had filled the well with some ten feet of water.

The foregoing facts are vouched for by men who were in the well and examined it before the new wall was laid, and immediately after the rubbish was removed from the old well.

☞ The more true merit a man has, the more does he applaud it in others.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing firm.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1856	—	—
" " '82	—	—
" " '67	—	—
" " '68	—	—
" 5 " coupon '72	—	104
Penn 6 pr ct	97½	97¾
" " new	102½	102
" 5 "	—	96
Phila 6 pr ct	86	—
" 6 coupon	—	—
All'gy City 6 pr ct	—	—
" " County "	—	—
" R R issue	84½	85
" County 6 pr ct	—	—
Penn R R issue	84	—
Penn 6 pr ct	98	—
" 5 " coupon	89½	—
" 5 "	—	85
Tenn 6 pr ct	98	98½
" 5 " coupon	—	85
Kentucky 6 pr ct	102	103
Missouri 6 "	85½	85½
Ohio 6 " 1860	—	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	—	—
Virginia 6 "	—	—
Indiana State 5 pr ct	—	—
Cal. State 7 pr ct	—	—
new bonds	86½	—
N York City 6 pr ct	—	—
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	131½	133
Philadelphia	113	112
Far & Mec	57	60
Commercial	47	48
N Liberty	54	57
Mechanics	203	204
Southwark	65	70
P Township	34	36½
Kensington	60	65
Girard	119	114
Western	61	70
Man & Mech	25	26½
Commerce	60	65
Tradesman's	60	—
City	44	46
Consolidation	220	225
Commonwealth	20	20½
Corn Exchange	28	—
Germantown	50	60
Pittsburg, Pittsb'g	48	50
Exchange "	55	—
Kentucky "	112	—
Northern "	110	120
Louisville "	160	170
Farmers "	112	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	102	103
Planters "	100	101
S C Rail Road	132	—
Com & R R Bank	—	170
Vicksburg	7	9
Washington Gas Light Co	31	32
Lehigh Zinc	1	1½
New Creek	5	7
New Granada	4	5
N America Ins'ance	75	—
N Liberties Gas	25	—
City Passenger R R	50	51
RAILROAD STOCKS & LOANS.		
Pennsylvania R R		
1st mort bonds	98	100
2nd "	88½	89½
stock	42½	42¾
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds	98	98½
stock	100½	101
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds '70	77½	80
mort 6's '44	92½	91
" '56	69½	70
stock	241	244
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	82½	—
stock	—	—
Phila, Wil & Balt stock	31½	32½
6 pr ct loan '80	93	100
Chas Val R R 7's	90	98
Tioga R R 6's	90	—
Will'ms & Elmira 7's 1st mort	70	—
2d "	48½	49½
stock	11	11½
Catawissa	45	47
Beaver Meadow stock	53½	54
preferred 10 pr ct	—	—
North Penna R R stock	9½	9
6 pr ct loan	59½	60
Phi Ger & Nor R R stock	54	56
6 pr ct loan	90	—
Minehill R R 6 pr ct loan	60½	—
stock	—	—
Harr and Lan R R stock	39½	56½
bonds '83	98	—
L. Schuylkill R R stock	27½	—
Long Island R R stock	12	12½
bonds	77	78
Erie R R stock	17½	—
Hudson River R R	27½	—
N Y Centre	70½	—
Michigan Central	80	—
Illinois "	70½	—
Michigan Southern	22½	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'l Nav 6 pr ct	—	—
loan '82	62½	63
imp. 6 pr ct	63	—
stock	11	9½
preferred	10½	17½
Lehi & Nav stock	42	43½
mort 6 pr ct	92½	97½
scrip	31	32
Morris Canal 6 pr ct	45½	45
preferred	69½	100
Ches & Del	40	45
bonds	—	99
Union	3	5
bonds	25	27
Sus & Tidewater	—	7
bonds 1878	47	47

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 & 16 Ann St., N. Y.
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SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Conn.
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DROPSY.

A specific for this disease may be had in Jayne's Alterative, as it has cured in almost every case in which it has been used.

CEDARBURG, *Ozaukee Co., Wis.*, *April* 26, 1858.

DR. D. JAYNE:—

Dear Sir:—I am a stranger to you, but cannot withhold my thanks for the great benefit produced by your Alterative and Sanative Pills. The cure which I will relate has not been surpassed in the history of your Medicines. A German lady, the wife of a miller in the Cedarburg mills, was taken with Dropsy; the first severe attack being about a fortnight after her accouchement. The physician who attended her was called, and at the expiration of two weeks, pronounced her case hopeless, with defect in her kidneys. Another was obtained—this one was sanguine of curing her, but after two months daily attendance, his skill was baffled, and a third was called, but again with no effect. At this time, she was horrible to behold; her face and head swelled to twice the natural size, her body as large as a barrel, and her limbs of a corresponding size; her tongue was swollen and eaten with ulcers, preventing her from taking nourishment except it was given in a teaspoon. This is but a feeble description of her appearance. My wife visited her, and although expecting to see her as described, the sight of the sufferer was such that she had to retire, and did not recover from the shock for several days. At this stage she was apparently hovering between life and death; for three days her husband was constantly with her, expecting a dissolution every moment. Although chided by the physicians, I recommended your Alterative; one bottle was taken with benefit, and this induced them to continue. After taking three bottles, the swellings of the head and face began to abate; when six bottles had been used, the swelling of her person gradually reduced, and blotches appeared on her face, arms and legs; when one dozen bottles had been taken, it brought out on her legs lumps as large as a pigeon's egg, which broke and discharged a watery humor, and at twenty-eight bottles the disease appeared to be nearly eradicated, and the husband desired to discontinue the Alterative, on account of the expense; they continued to give it but only in small doses, when she again commenced swelling, as if the disease had resumed its full vigor, and doubts were entertained about effecting a cure. They became discouraged and gave up all hope. I however persuaded them to give full doses, and to try a week or two longer, which they did and the disease was again subdued. The medicines was continued until forty-six bottles was taken together with sixteen boxes of the Sanative Pills. And now, under the favor of a Divine Providence, she is able to attend to her household duties, and shows as healthy an appearance as in youth. I have thus narrated the honest facts for the public good, and after expressing to you the heartfelt thanks of the one your medicines restored to health,

I remain, yours, respectfully,
JOHN DAY,
M. E. Local Preacher.

CEDARBURG, *Wis.*, *April* 26, 1858.

DR. D. JAYNE & SON:

Gentlemen—I can substantiate all the facts contained in the above certificate. The physician who attended the person previous to the use of the Alterative, informed me that hereafter he would cheerfully recommend your medicine in cases of this kind.

Yours, respectfully,
WM. VOJENITZ, Agent.

The Alterative is prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne & Son, and may be had of their agents throughout the United States. aug14-3t

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BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, August 21, 1858.

PENNSYLVANIA.		GEORGIA.	
Solvent banks	dis	Solvent banks	1 dis
Relief notes	½ dis	SOUTH CAROLINA.	
Crawford & Tioga	no sale	Solv bks	1 dis
Shamokin	10 dis	ALABAMA.	
NEW JERSEY.		Solv bks	1 to 5 dis
Solv bks	par to ½ dis	MISSISSIPPI.	
DELAWARE.		All bks	uncertain
Solv bks	par to ½ dis	LOUISIANA.	
MARYLAND.		Solv bks	1 dis
Baltimore	½ dis	OHIO.	
Solv bks	½ to ½ dis	Solv bks	1 dis
NEW YORK.		KENTUCKY.	
Solv bks	par to ½ dis	Solv bks	1 dis
MAINE.		INDIANA.	
Solv bks	½ dis	State bank	1 dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		ILLINOIS.	
Solv bks	½ dis	Solv bks	1½ dis
VERMONT.		MISSOURI.	
Solv bks	½ dis	Solv bks	1 dis
CONNECTICUT.		TENNESSEE.	
Solv bks	½ dis	Old banks	3 dis
MASSACHUSETTS.		MICHIGAN.	
Solv bks	½ dis	Solv bks	1½ dis
RHODE ISLAND.		WISCONSIN.	
Solv bks	½ dis	Solv bks	10 dis
VIRGINIA.		TEXAS.	
Solv bks	1 dis	Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston	5 dis
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.		CANADA.	
Solv bks	½ dis	Solv bks	1½ dis
NORTH CAROLINA.			
Solv bks	1½ to 2 dis		

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

JONES' SALOONS, 727 and 729 Arch Street.

MEATS.

Beef.		*Mutton.*	
Roasting rib, ₩ lb	12 a14	Leg, Loin, Chop, ₩ lb	9 a10
Sirloin steak	14 a16	Breast and Neck	6 a 8
Rump "	12 a14	Young Lamb, whole	25 a30
Chuck pieces	8 a11	Whole carcase	8 a 9
Plates and navels corned	8 a10	*Veal.*	
Tongues, fresh	65 a75	Fore quarter, ₩ lb	8
Ox, each	31 to 37½	Hind "	10
Tail, "	25 a25	Chop	12½
Kidney "	8 a12½	Cutlet	12½
Liver, ₩ lb	5 a 6	Sweetbread, each	10
Dried Beef, ₩ lb	14 a16	*Pork.*	
Lamb.		Young Pigs	1,75
Fore quarter	75 a87½	Sa.t and fresh, lb	10 a12
Hind "	1,00a1,25	Feet, ₩ set	18½a25
Chop, ₩ lb	10 a12	Trips, ₩ lb	4 a 5
Calves head, each	25 a37	Lard "	10 a12
		Hams, sliced	15 a16
		Do cuns sausages	16 a20

VEGETABLES.

Lettuce, ₩ head	2 a 5	Carrots, dozen	10
Onions ₩ rope	12	Do do, ₩ bus	6 a 8
Bermuda potatoes, ₩ basket	1,25	Corn pot'o, ₩ bus	1,00a1,37½
New pot's N J, ₩ bus	87½a1,25	Onions, bus	80
Sweet potatoes ₩ bu	62½	Egg plants, each	12 a20
Corn, ₩ basket	12½a15	Tomatoes, ₩ basket	37½a62½
		Squashes, ₩ basket	37½a62½
		Cabbages, ₩ head	6 a10

FRUIT.

Apples, ₩ bbl	2,00a2,50	Canteloupes	6 a12
Do ₩ ½ bbl	25 a50	Huckleberries ₩ qt	12
Peaches ₩ basket	37½a62½	Blackberries	12a15
Watermelons	37½a44		

POULTRY AND GAME.

Spring Chickens, ₩ pair	25 a37	Chickens, ₩ lb	10 a12½
Chickens, ₩ pair	75 a1,25	Sab Pig as, pair	25 a37

SHELLFISH.

Oysters (Absecom) ₩ bbl	3,50 a75	N Y do, ₩ bbl, 1,00	12,00
Do, ₩ M	16,00a20,00	Terrapins Choice	
Morris River Cove, ₩ M	10,00 a12,00	Do!	6,00 a8,00
		Lobsters, lb	10
		Clams, M	2,00a2,50

MISCELLANEOUS.

Butter, lb	18 a25	Salt do, lb	1½
Ro "	14 a20	Mackerel	10
Eggs, doz	16 a18	Sm'k'd Herring, hundr	6
Candles	8 a 9	Honey, lb	20 a25
Dry cod	4 a 6	Sponge cake	2
Shad, lb	12½	Salmon lb	25 a31
Blue Fish, lb	12	Sheep head	12

ANOTHER CASE OF DYSPEPSIA.

BALDWINSVILLE, N. Y., *March* 6, 1858.

Dr. C. M. Jackson.—Dear Sir:—Having received great benefit from the use of Hoofland's German Bitters I think it my duty as a friend of mankind to let them know it. I had for years been afflicted with Dyspepsia, arising from an affection of the Liver and derangement of the stomach. I was under the care of the physicians of this vicinity, but obtained no relief. I was induced through the advice of a friend, to commence the use of your Bitters, and took faithfully according to directions, three bottles, which entirely cured me, and I now find myself in as good health as I have ever enjoyed.

Respectfully yours, JOHN C. QUEENES.

Ask for Hoofland's German Bitters. Take nothing else, and see that the signature of C. M. Jackson is on the wrapper of each bottle. These Bitters are for sale by druggists and storekeepers in every town and village in the United States, Canadas, West Indies and South America, at 75 cents per bottle.

MRS. CUNNINGHAM'S SUICIDE

☞ At 31 Bond Street would not startle the world to a greater degree than the astonishing effect of Wood's Hair Tonic upon gray, dry, harsh and thin hair. Try it, reader, and one bottle only will convince you that this article is not to be classed among the worthless nostrums of the day. Professor Wood himself is a living illustration of the value of his own article. He was gray at thirty years of age, and now his hair is as black and glossy as the raven's wing.

CAUTION.—Beware of worthless imitations, as several are already in the market, called by different names. Use none unless the words (Prof. Wood's Hair Restorative, Depot St. Louis, Mo., and New York), are blown in the bottle. Sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine dealers, also by all Fancy and Toilet Goods dealers in the United States and Canada.

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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Hartford, N. Y., Aug. 9th, 1858, by the Rev. J. E. King, B. W. KING, M. D., Professor of Physiology, in Fort Edward Institute, to Miss ELIZA A. PALMER, of the former place.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. Geo. C. Arnold, Mr. SAMUEL SAMPLE, of Bloomington, Ind., to Miss ANN TAYLOR, of Philadelphia.

On the 15th instant, by the Rev. Geo. Chandler, Mr. WALKER KIRK, to Miss ANNESTENNA HAMMOND.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. M. F. Martin, Mr. CHARLES DAGIT, to Miss JOSEPHINE L. DANDURAND.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. John C. Baker, Mr. WILLIAM H. FISHER, Jr. to Miss KATE DURAND, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, Mr. JAMES B. VANDOM, to Miss HANNAH A. FILBE, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 17th instant, ANNE, wife of John McCarty, aged 27 years.

On the 17th instant, CATHARINE, wife of John Dorsen, aged 41 years.

On the 17th instant, RUTH, wife of Robert Croft, aged 20 years.

On the 16th instant, CHARLES BALTZ, aged 41.

On the 16th instant, HARRIET, daughter of Michael and the late Mary Mathers, aged 19 years.

On the 16th instant, THEODORE SCHREIBER, aged 75 years.

On the 16th instant, WILLIAM HEWETT, aged 30 years.

On the 16th instant, JOHN BAKER, aged 81.

On the 15th instant, JAMES P. PROCTOR, aged 36 years.

On the 15th instant, Mrs. MARY HEWETT, aged 48 years.

On the 14th instant, ARCHIBALD E. FULLER, aged 71 years.

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The following certificates from gentlemen of the highest respectability, furnish conclusive evidence of the power of this Remedy:—

ASTHMA.

URBANA, OHIO, *April* 3, 1858.

MR. JOSEPH BURNETT:—Dear Sir,—* * * * For twenty-five years I was afflicted with the Asthma. I left New England and came to Ohio with the hope of obtaining relief from a change of climate, which I partially realized, but as I became accustomed to this atmosphere my distress gradually returned.

My sufferings were indescribable, and with me so was the effect of the remedy.

I commenced its use four months since, was cured within one month, and have not had a return of the disease, nor any symptoms of it since, and my general health has constantly improved.

IRA A. BEAN.

ASTHMA.

A distinguished Lawyer writes from Augusta, Maine, as follows:—

* * * * *

When I first commenced taking Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy for Asthma, I had been affected with that disease nearly twenty years. It is of the spasmodic kind; in a bad attack I have frequently sat up sixteen nights in succession. Soon after taking the Remedy I found an unaccustomed relief; my health and strength began to improve; I had gained twenty pounds in weight, and comparatively no Asthma. It seems to me that the very foundation of my disease is broken up, and that it will soon entirely leave me.

ASTHMA.

Letter from a Clergyman.

WARDSBORO, VT., *May* 12, 1857.

MR. BURNETT:—I take pleasure in stating the wonderful effects of "WHITCOMB'S REMEDY FOR THE ASTHMA," on my wife. She has suffered for years more than my pen can describe, with the spasmodic form of that terrible disease. I consulted numerous physicians of the highest celebrity to little or no purpose. As often as ten or twelve times in a year, she was brought to the very gates of death, requiring two or three watchers sometimes, for several days and nights in succession. At times, for hours, it would seem as if every breath must be the last; we were obliged to open doors and windows in mid-winter, and resort to every expedient that affection could devise to keep her alive. At one time she was so far gone that her physician could not count her pulse. At length I heard of "WHITCOMB'S REMEDY,"—it acted like a charm: it enabled her to sleep quietly in a few minutes, and nearly broke up the disease. I keep it constantly on hand—and though it has not cured her, it has done wonders in the way of relief. I am a Methodist clergyman, stationed here. I shall be happy to answer any inquiries respecting her case, and you are at liberty to make any use of the foregoing facts that will benefit the afflicted. Yours, very truly,

KIMBALL HADLEY.

ASTHMA.

LEWISTON, *April* 22, 1858.

Messrs. JOSEPH BURNETT & CO.:—Gentlemen,—For the last seven years I have been troubled with the Asthma, and last fall and first of the winter I was so sick that I was unable to work for four months. Three months ago I was induced to buy a bottle of Whitcomb's Remedy. It has done me much good. I have had but one slight attack of it for six weeks, which was checked by one dose of the Remedy. Yours, with respect,

HOSEA B. RIPLEY.

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EMPE

Wit and Humor.

A APPEEL FOR ARE TO THE SEXTANT OF THE OLD BRICK MEETINOUSE.

BY A GASPER.

[The following appeal to a Sexton for pure air in the meeting house, should have a general circulation. The spelling is not very good, but the argument is irresistible. It is from the Detroit Tribune:]

O sextant of the meetinouse, wich sweeps
And dusts, or is supposed too! and makes fiers,
And lites the gass, and sumtimes leaves a screw loose,
in wich case it smells orful,—worse than lam-pile;
And wringes the Bel and toles it when men dyes to the grief of survivin pardners, and sweeps pathes;
And for the servases gits $100 per annum.
Wich them that thinks dear, let em try it;
Getin up befoar star-lite in all wethers and
Kindlin fiers when the wether is as cold
As zero, and like as not green wood for kindlers;
I wouldn't be hired to do it for no some—
But o Sextant! there are 1 kermoddity
Wich's more than gold, wich doant cost nothin,
Worth more than anything exsep the Sole of Mann!
I mean pewer Are, sextant, I mean pewer Are!
O it is plenty out e dores, so plenty it doant no
What on airth to dew with itself, but flys about
Scaterin leave and bloin off men's hatts;
in short, its jest "fre as are" out dores.
But o sextant, in our church its scarce as piety,
scarce as bank bills when agints beg for mischuns,
Wich some say is party often (taint nothin to me.
Wat I give aint nothin to nobody) but o sextant,
u shet 500 men, wimmen and children,
Speshally the latter, up in a tite place,
Some has bad broths, none aint 2 swete,
Some is fevery, some is scrofilus, some has bad teath,
And some haint none, and some aint over cleen;
But every 1 on em breethes in & out and out and in,
Say 20 times a minit, or 1 million and a half breths an our,
Now how long will a church ful of are last at that rate,
I ask you, say 15 minits, and then wats to be did?
Why then they must brethe it all over agin.
And then agin, and so on, till each has took it down,
At least 10 times, and let it up agin, and wate more,
The same individible dont have the privelidge of brethen his own are, and no ones else;
Each one mus take watever comes to him.
O Sextant, doant you no our lungs is bellusses,
To blo the fier of life, and keep it from goin out; and how can bellusses blo without wind,
And aint wind are? I put it to your consciens.
Are is the same to us as milk to babies,
Or water is to fish, or pendlums to clox—
Or roots and airbs unto an Injun Doctor,
Or little pils unto an omepath,
Or boys to gurls. Are is for us to brethe,
Wat signifies who preeches if i cant breethe?
Wate Pol? Wate Pollus? to sinners who are ded?
Ded for want of breth? why sextant, when we dye
Its only coz we cant brethe no more—thats all.
And now, o sextant, let me beg of you
2 let a little are into our church.
(Power are is sertin proper for the pews)
And do it weak days and Sundays lew—
It aint much trouble—only make a hole
And the are will cum in of itself;
(It luvs to come in whare it can git warm;)
And o how it will rouse the people up
And sperrit up the preecher, and stop garps,
And yawns and figgits as effectooal
As wind on the dry Beans the Profit tells of.

LOOKING ON THE BRIGHT SIDE.—Here is a letter from a wife in Massachusetts to her husband in California. She don't intend going through the world with the blues:

"*My Dear Husband*:—As it is sometime since you left for California, I suppose you would be glad to hear how we are getting along in your absence. I am happy to say that we are enjoying very good health on the whole. Just at present two of the boys have got the small pox. Amanda Jane has got the typhus fever. Betsey is down with the measles. Samuel got hooked by a cow the other day, and little Peter has just chopped off three of his fingers with a hatchet. It is a mercy he didn't chop them all off. With these trifling exceptions we are all well and getting along nicely. You needn't be at all anxious about us. I almost forgot to say that Sarah Matilda eloped last week with a tin pedlar. Poor girl! She's been waiting for the last ten years for a chance, and I'm glad she's married at last. She needn't have taken the trouble to elope though, for I'm sure I was glad enough to have her go. She was a great eater, and I find baked beans don't go off near so fast now as they did. The way that girl would dip into pork and beans was a caution to the rest of the family. The cow took it into her head yesterday to run away, which was very fortunate, I'm sure, for the barn caught fire last night and was consumed. I was in hopes the house would go, too, for it's very inconvenient, but the wind was the wrong way, so it didn't receive much injury. Some boys broke into the orchard the other day and stripped all the fruit-trees. I am very glad of it, for if they hadn't I presume the children would have made themselves sick by eating too much fruit. Hoping you enjoy yourself in California as well as we do at home, I remain your affectionate wife."

A NERVOUS TRAVELLER.—Travelling over a western railroad, seated in a baggage car, quietly smoking a "gentle Havana," a nervous individual entered the car, and commenced overhauling the baggage. The baggage-master, after eyeing him a moment, accosting him with—

"What's wanting, sir?"

"I am looking for my trunk," demurely answered the nervous man.

"I will take care of your trunk, sir—that is my business," retorted B. M.

"Oh! I am aware of that, sir, but I would always much rather keep my trunk *under my eye*."

"Well, then, sir, you should have been born an elephant, and then you could have your *trunk under your eye all the time!*"

The nervous man suddenly vamosed.

TOO APPROPRIATE A TEXT.—A good story was told us lately, of a popular preacher in the town of P——, in Pennsylvania, which we shall take the liberty of reproducing. It appears the minister has been wedded to a most worthy lady, whose first gift was a dowry of ten thousand dollars, with the promise of as much more upon the decease of her invalid parent. Shortly after marriage, while occupying the pulpit, he chanced to give out a hymn, the fifth verse of which commenced:

"Forever let my grateful heart."

His words paused—he coughed slightly—then adding: "The choir will omit the fifth verse," sat down with something like a nervous haste. With curiosity excited at this conduct of their minister, the congregation smiled *some* as they read:

"Forever let my grateful heart
His boundless grace adore,
Which gives *ten thousand* blessings now,
And *bids us hope for more*."

ONE OF DANIEL WEBSTER'S ANECDOTES.—Webster had an anecdote of old Father Searl, the minister of his boyhood, which has never been in print, and which is too good to be lost. It was customary to wear buck-skin breeches in cold weather. One Sunday morning in the autumn, Father Searl brought down his from the garret; but the wasps had taken possession of it during the summer, and were having a nice time of it in them. By dint of effort, he got out the intruders and dressed for meeting. But while reading the Scriptures to the congregation, he felt a dagger from one of the enraged small-waisted fellows, and jumped around the pulpit slapping his thighs. But the more he slapped and danced, the more they stung. The people thought him crazy, and were in commotion as to what to do; but he explained the matter by saying, "Brethren, don't be alarmed; the Word of the Lord is in my mouth, and the Devil is in my breeches!" Webster always told it with glee, to the ministers.—*Boston Cor. Times.*

A GOOD WITNESS.—Lawyer—Did the defendant knock the witness down with *malice prepense?*

Witness—No, sir; he knocked him down with a *flatiron.*

Lawyer—You misunderstand me, my friend; I want to know whether he attacked him with any *evil intent.*

Witness—Oh! no, sir; it was *outside the tent.*

Lawyer—No, no; I wish you to tell me whether the attack was at all a *preconcerted affair.*

Witness—No, sir; it was not a *free concert affair*; it was at a *circus.*

COPARTNERSHIP.—A colored firm in Newark, N. J., having suffered some pecuniary embarrassments, recently closed business, and the senior member gave the following "notis" to the public:—

"De dissolution of co-parsnips heretofore resisting twixt me and Moses Jones, in de berber profession, am heretofore resolved. Passons who ose must pay the inscriber. Dem what de firm ose must call on Jones, as de firm is insolved. LIGHT JOHNSON."

MRS STOUT.—"The worst of letting one's Back Hair down is, that it makes the young men stare so."

[Miss Stout is in a state of blessed unconsciousness as to who the young gentlemen really are gazing at.]

Agricultural.

DEEP VS. SHALLOW PLOUGHING.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—

In walking over a field of corn lately I saw some ploughing, or rather scratching up the surface, to let the air get into the clover roots. Upon asking the owner of the corn—Mr. Jones—how many times he harrowed that sod before planting corn, he replied: "Why, sir, what business is that of yours how many times I harrow my land?" "Oh, none, sir," I replied, "but I think you might have harrowed it four times over, because I see it has not been at all ploughed." "Now, John," he returned, "there's no use of your trying to get through my skull anything in the shape of deep ploughing. Deep ploughing, sir! why I would not let a man go into my field and jam the plough into the ground to the depth of eight or nine inches, if he would do all the ploughing for nothing—no, nor if he would pay me for ploughing." "How deep *do* you plough, Mr. Jones?" "Well," answered Mr. Jones, "I most *generally* plough my land three or four inches deep; I've had some little experience in deep ploughing myself; I just thought this season I would try deep ploughing; I'd been reading a great lot of trash, in the Post, how that if a man ploughed deep, in a year or two he would be nearly rich. Well, one morning, about the first of May, I told my boys to go to ploughing out in the orchard; yonder is the orchard, now; you can see the difference in the corn from here. I told the boys to plough the side nearest the house the deepest, and I also went to the trouble of marking the rail, and told them where to plough to, and so I know there's no mistake about it. Now, John, it's about the middle of August, and the corn is up between five and six feet high, (that which I planted where I ploughed *shallow*) and the other where I was foolish enough to mind the papers is not near as large. Suppose we go over and look at my other piece, and when you see it with your own eyes, you will never bother my ears any more, about deep ploughing." "Mr. Jones, I will go over with you right away." So across lots we started, he all the time blowing up the Newspaper Editors, and concluding by saying that he believed he would stop the Post, for the damage it had already done him; at this rate it would in a few years ruin him.

About this time we had got over the last fence and were in the corn-field; I soon cast my eyes over the corn-field, and sure enough the side nearest the house was the poorest. "Now, Mr. Jones," I said, "are you sure you told your boys to plough that side of the field nearest the house the *deepest?*" "Yes, *sir*; I'm just as sure that I told them so, as I am that I've got corn on my field."

The boys were called before I could stop him from calling them, and soon they came. While they were coming up, Jones and I walked over the corn-field, and I almost began to think that deep ploughing was an entire failure. "Just think of it, John," said Jones, "I suppose them boys must have ploughed to the *enormous* depth of eight or nine inches, and almost killed my horses, besides completely ruining my corn."

By the time friend Jones had uttered these last words the boys were at the fence where we started into the corn-field. "Now, boys," said Jones, "I merely called you to prove what I've just been saying to John; you remember, boys, I told you to plough that side of the field *next* to the house the deepest don't you?" "Oh, no! father!" they both exclaimed at once, "you told us to plough the side of the field the *farthest* from the house the deepest, so that nobody would see the corn as they passed along the road!" "Boys, don't jest, but tell me the truth—did you plough the side next to the house the shallowest?" "Yes, sir, we did!" they both exclaimed at once. His very hair stood straight—he drew himself up in a heap, and cast his eyes first on his boys, then on the corn, then on me. Any person that could have seen him a little way off, would have thought he had a half-dozen humble-bees in his pantaloons, and every one of them doing his best to drive him out of the corn-field.

While all this hitching and twisting was going on, and his boys and I were laughing, I happened to turn my head away, and upon looking around the next minute, I saw farmer Jones walking off as fast as his legs could carry him towards his house. Never since then, have I heard any more fault being found with his boys for ploughing up the *yaller dirt.*

And how many farmers, like farmer Jones, go along on the root-hog system, merely grubbing up the earth to let the grass grow! In fact I know a great many farmers who think the moment they go below where the plough has gone these twenty or thirty years, that moment they are damaging themselves. They never once stop to reason about the matter, but keep on the same old course they have pursued for these last thirty or forty years. I have heard people say in regard to deep ploughing, that as soon as you go below the depth of six inches, then you plough up the soil where the crops have rooted for the last generation, and the crops will die, *because they have no place to root!!*

Notice a field that has been ploughed deep in the time of a drought, and see what your corn will do. Then, on the other hand, notice your shallow-ploughing neighbor's corn, and see the contrast—the lands being both of one quality. I have seen pieces of corn in time of a drought—one ploughed four or five inches deep, and the other about ten or eleven inches, and have seen one roll up and seem to be dead, while the other was hardly affected in the least. I don't pretend to say that deep ploughing is beneficial to all kinds of soil, but to any soil that has a clay bottom, deep ploughing will be a benefit. To a soil that is subject to a shell bottom, deep ploughing is of little or no use.

And yet how many people at the present day will not believe that deep ploughing is *any* benefit to the soil! They argue that it completely kills a team, and that it takes too long to plough—not letting the idea once into their heads that one acre well ploughed is worth a dozen half-ploughed. The quantity is what a great many people look after—not the quality. If they send their team out into the field, and their team turns over two acres of land in a day, (deep enough to raise turnips on,) then they seem to be perfectly satisfied, not knowing that if they had half an acre well ploughed, it would be better in the long run than to have the two acres *scratched over.*

And now, farmers, let me persuade you to try one of your fields—say one that has a reddish clay bottom, if you have it—if not, try one that has a white clay bottom; plough it from eight to ten or even twelve inches deep, and before ploughing give a good coating of manure.

If your land is quite low, and often too wet to plough early in the Spring, I counsel Fall ploughing. Plough any time after the first of October, and from then on till the first of November; or even till the middle of November, if the Fall is not too wet.

Give your land a good ploughing ten or twelve inches deep; and after you get it ploughed, get a good pair of stout Double Scotch Harrows, and give the land two good harrowings, or else get a three-cornered harrow with about nine or ten iron teeth and about as many more wooden teeth, and use that for a harrow. I have seen such used to harrow with.

Two harrowings will be enough if your land is not very rough; if it is rough, give it three, two lengthwise and one crosswise; and then put on it about forty or fifty bushels of lime to the acre, and let it lie until about the first of May the next Spring.

If you have any manure in your yard draw it out in a heap, putting four or five loads of manure to every load of dirt—I mean first a course of manure, then a course of dirt, till you get enough to cover the field you have just ploughed up for corn. Or if you have not any manure in your yard just at that time, draw it out in a heap in the field sometime along in the Winter (the earlier in Winter the better,) and sprinkle to each load about four or five quarts of plaster.

About the first of May the following Spring, draw the heap of manure out, and spread it on the field, and follow after, ploughing it in with a one-horse plough, until you have ploughed the whole of the manure in. There is no need of ploughing the manure in more than four or five inches deep. Let it lie until you get ready for planting.

Just before you are ready to plant with corn, give it about two harrowings; harrow both times lengthwise if it makes your land smooth enough; if not, harrow once lengthwise and once crosswise.

Then get a sled and furrow out your field, make the furrows about three and a half feet apart; never use a plough to furrow with unless your soil is very strong or stumpy.

I have seen people plough their land about four or five inches deep, and take a plough and furrow it out within an inch of the bottom where it was ploughed; then plant their corn, and the first rain that came would wash it almost to death, letting alone its having a good solid bottom to root in!!

Pay no attention whatever to the plough when you want to furrow; the time for the plough to be used is when you want the land ploughed for corn—and after it is up. In fact I would not let a man so furrow a field of corn ground for me if he would do it for nothing—no, nor if he would pay me for it.

The advantages of sleds for furrowing are very great. In the first place, you are apt to get your corn planted straighter, which is of great importance when you come to plough the corn; you are more apt to get the corn nearer to the top of the ground; you are more apt to get the rows truer in width, which is very important; and in nine cases out of ten there is no need of any hoeing—a job which every person likes to get clear of when he can. And now let me persuade you to try one acre of low land the coming Fall, according to the direction I have given you. You will find the frost will loosen up your clayey soils, and make them like loose knolls.

If any one tries the above directions and doesn't succeed within two or three crops, send me word and I will move out of Jersey.

A JERSEY FARMER.

TO DESTROY RATS.—The only approved methods are to employ tar around their holes and runs, and if possible to catch one of the enemy, tar him well and let him go; or so to balance the top of a barrel that it will turn easily, and deposit the vermin in water.

The iron wire cage traps, and the common hutch traps, are sometimes useful in houses, but they soon lose their efficacy, because after one or two rats are caught, the others find out that it is a dangerous machine, and do not go into it. The traps then do more harm than good, because the rats smell the bait, come to it from all parts, and, as we have seen, news flies quickly among them, you get your neighbors' rats as well as your own into your premises. They play around the bait, but do not go into the trap; then, being hungry, both the strangers and the original rats of the place begin foraging about, and make holes in the corn-bins, cupboards, &c. The same thing holds good with the fly-papers; it is true you catch some of the flies, but you get double your share of flies in the room, as they are attracted by the poison placed for them.

VENTILATING HAY STACKS.—The British farmers have a method of ventilating their hay, oat and barley stacks, which we may frequently adopt with advantage; and in stacking corn-stalks, it would be almost beneficial. They fill a large bag, 3½ feet high, and 20 inches in diameter, with straw, and place it vertically in the centre of the stack, putting the barley, oats or hay, whichever it may happen to be, around it. As the stack rises, they lift the bag; and so on to the top. In this way, there is a chimney formed in the centre of the rick of hay, into which the steam or gases generated find their way, and escape readily.

☞ A HINT FOR BALL-ROOM BEAUTIES.—No man who has to work, and is willing to work for his livelihood, (indeed, no sensible man in any position,) picks his wife out of a ball-room or an opera-box, however much he may like to see her there.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

FRUIT TREES IN THE VICINITY OF BARNYARDS.—It would be well if farmers would surround their barnyards, barns, and pig-pens with fruit trees. Such trees bear abundantly, and heavy crops of plums can often be obtained in such places, as the stung fruit is sure to be picked up and devoured as soon as it falls, thus preventing the increase of the curculio. Apples, pears, cherries, and all other fruits, do well for the same reason, and they are also provided with a plentiful amount of liquid manure from the drainage of the barn and barnyard. Next fall or spring recollect this, and plant some trees.—*Ohio Farmer.*

Useful Receipts.

HOME-MADE PICS.—Will you encourage home manufactures so far as to publish these recipes?

Pare and core pears, peaches, or quinces, (or tomatoes:) make a syrup, flavored with lemon-peel. Boil the fruit till done, then drain it through a colander, and spread on dishes; place in the sunshine, or in a moderately heated stove, till nearly dry; sprinkle with loaf sugar; dry a little more; then pack them in boxes, and put in a cool place. Figs made in this way are considered superior to real imported figs. When tomatoes are used, they should be the straw-colored fig tomatoes.—LILLY, *in Zion's Herald.*

TO REMOVE MILDEW FROM CLOTHING.—Take soap and make it thin enough to rub into the cloth well, then lay it in a hot sun for two or three days. If one application is not enough, wet it again. You will find it a sure method to take stains of any kind from white cloths.—*Rural New Yorker.*

TO DESTROY BUGS.—Bugs cannot stand hot alum water. Take two pounds of alum, bruise it and reduce it nearly to powder; dissolve it in three quarts of boiling water, letting it remain in a warm place till the alum is dissolved. The alum water is to be applied hot, by means of a brush, to every joint and crevice. Brush the crevices in the floor of the skirting-board, if they are suspected places. Whitewash the ceiling, putting in plenty of alum, and there will be an end to their dropping from thence.

IN-GROWING TOE-NAIL.—In order to save the surgeon a job for an in-growing toe-nail, do not cut away the offending corner of the nail, as is usually done, very short, but cut a notch in the centre, quite down to the quick, and keep the notch there until the difficulty is cured, which will sometimes be with the first cutting. The philosophy of the remedy is, that the cut breaks the arch, and naturally changes the curvature of the nail, and makes the corners turn up instead of down. Another remedy is prescribed by a lady correspondent of the Hartford Courier, who had a daughter who had suffered for years from a similar affliction. She had consulted several physicians, and had finally arrived at the point where the doctors said the toe must be cut off, or the nail torn off, to save life, when this simple but sure remedy was applied, and in a very few days the cure was complete. The remedy was simply blue vitriol, a small quantity mixed with an equal quantity of burnt alum, pulverized and sifted through muslin. If the toe is ulcerated, first wash it with Castile soap suds, and then apply the powder two or three times a day.

A GREEN-CORN LUXURY.—The Easton Express publishes the following recipe for a novel luxury for the green-corn season:—Take a dozen or two ears of corn, the sweet varieties preferred, husk, and, without boiling, grate off the grains. Stir into this two table-spoonsful of flour for every dozen ears, and also an egg, previously well beaten, and a little salt, and a very little sugar. If the corn be sweet, about two table-spoonsful to every dozen ears. Let the whole be well stirred, and baked in a greased tin pan for an hour, in a hot oven. Then eat with fresh butter or cream.

DIARRHŒA.—At the present season, the following from Dr. Hall's Journal of Health, is worthy of consideration:

Diarrhœa is a very common disease in summer time. Cholera is nothing more than exaggerated diarrhœa. When a man has died of diarrhœa, he has died of cholera, in reality. It may be well for travellers to know that the first, the most important, and the most indispensable item in the arrest and cure of looseness of the bowels is absolute quietude, on a bed. Nature herself always prompts this by disinclining us to locomotion. The next thing is to eat nothing but common rice, parched like coffee, and then boiled, and taken with a little salt and butter. Drink little or no liquid of any kind. Bits of ice may be eaten and swallowed at will. Every step taken in diarrhœa, every spoonful of liquid, only aggravates the disease. If locomotion is compulsory, the misfortune of the necessity may be lessened by having a stout piece of woollen flannel bound tightly around the abdomen, so as to be doubled in front and kept well in its place. In the practice of many years we have never failed to notice a gratifying result to follow these observances.

NAPOLEON'S LETTERS.—A Paris correspondent of the *Literary Gazette*, says:—"I have been afforded an opportunity of examining many of the letters of Napoleon which are to figure in the collection (shortly to be published by Louis Napoleon's orders); and I can assure you that the commission which is charged with the duty of saying what shall and what shall not be published has a most arduous task to perform. For of all the 'cramped pieces of penmanship' that were ever seen, his are the most cramped and unintelligible. The manner in which the letters are formed would frighten a writing master into fits, and the lines never run straight, whilst not unfrequently they come into collision. And what is singular is, that a great many words are grossly mis-spelt, and that others are only half-written. Oh vanity of human genius! Oh triumph for dull little schoolboys! The man who conquered more kingdoms than Alexander, knew not orthography!"

☞ A correspondent of the Lewiston Journal, writing of the Oldtown Indians, says:—"A young lady of the tribe one day in the cars was asked by a rowdy if she would not like to marry a white? 'No,' was her ready reply, 'because good white men do not want to marry me, and poor scamps like you I won't have!' The rowdy left at the next station."

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 27 letters.

My 1, 12, 11, 14, 7, 13, is a county in one of the Western States.
My 2, 11, 17, 3, is a county in one of the Western States.
My 3, 23, 5, 16, 18, is a county in one of the Southern States.
My 4, 24, 18, 10, 14, 25, is a county in one of the Middle States.
My 5, 7, 10, 11, 20, 23, is a county in one of the Western States.
My 6, 22, 19, 9, 13, 1, 15, 6, is one of the principal rivers in South America.
My 7, 5, 6, 10, 1, 18, 20, is a county in one of the Middle States.
My 8, 3, 13, 11, is a county in one of the Southern States.
My 9, 25, 6, is one of the principal rivers in Europe.
My 10, 20, 22, 10, 24, 13, is one of the principal rivers in Asia.
My 11, 6, 18, 3, 9, 27, is a county in one of the Southern States.
My 12, 20, 2, is one of the principal rivers in North America.
My 13, 3, 22, 19, 17, 24, is one of the principal canals in the United States.
My 14, 18, 5, 17, is a county in one of the Middle States.
My 15, 9, 24, 23, 20, 25, is one of the principal rivers in Europe.
My 16, 1, 11, 5, 16, 9, is one of the principal mountains in Oceanica.
My 17, 2, 9, 24, is a county in one of the Western States.
My 18, 11, 21, 22, 17, is one of the principal rivers in Europe.
My 19, 14, 11, 24, 18, 3, 15, is one of the principal cities in Persia.
My 20, 13, 11, 17, is a county in one of the Southern States.
My 21, 15, 22, is one of the principal rivers in Europe.
My 22, 20, 27, 11, is a county in one of the Southern States.
My 23, 6, 9, 7, 24, is one of the United States.
My 24, 23, 13, is one of the principal rivers in Europe.
My 25, 20, 27, 11, is a county in one of the Southern States
My 26, 17, 13, 27, 24, is one of the principal rivers in North America.
My 27, 14, 5, 15, 17, is one of the principal rivers in Europe.

My whole is a very popular book of Oriental tales. HARRY CLUB.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first, although unfortunate,
Did still deserve some fame;
Upon the page of history
Perchance you've read the name.

Or if you've not,—to guess it,
I hope my next you'll do;
And when you find out what it is,
'Tis then I'll much thank you.

Pray listen, reader, of my whole,
It is no idle boast,
To say you see it every week,
In the columns of the Post.

CINROS.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is an animal,
Oft found about the house;
My second is a vowel,
That can't be used in mouse.

My third are very useful
To all the human race;
And although not very beautiful,
Can be found in any place.

Baltimore, Md. BUSEY.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 5 letters.
Omit my 1st, 3rd, 5th, and 6th, and I am a verb.
Omit my 4th, and 6th, and I am a kind of liquor.
Omit my 4th, 5th, and 6th, and I am to gain.
Omit my 1st, 4th, 5th, and 6th, and I am a preposition.
Omit my 3rd, 5th, and 6th, and I am what some people have not.
My whole is very pleasant to many.

Warren, Vt. HARP.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Edward owned a triangular tract of land, containing 184 acres and 91½ perches. (The angles are all acute.) One of the sides measures 262½ perches, and the other two sides thereof were to each other in proportion as 6½ is to 7½. Required to know the length of each of these other two sides?

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Crotzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a hen on a fence like a cent? Ans.—Because she has a head on one side and a tail on the other.

☞ Why is a lady bathing in the sea like one in a very unpleasant predicament. Ans.—Because she is in a great pickle.

☞ When Cæsar was asked by Brutus how many eggs he had eaten for breakfast, what did he answer? Ans.—"*Et tu, Brute.*"

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—It is an ill wind blows nobody good. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—The discovery of America by Columbus. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—The Argonautic Expedition. CHARADE—Saleratus, (Sal-e-rat-us). ANAGRAM—Time, (Mite, item, emit). TRIGONOMETRICAL QUESTION—The longest side 160 perches; the shortest side 120 perches; the hypothenuse 200 perches.

☞ A Frenchman built a four story house adjoining his Dutch neighbor's two story house. Being on the roofs of their respective houses one day, the one on the low house cries out to the other—"What for you build so high up tare?" To which the Frenchman replied—"De ground is cheap up here!"

☞ That man who waits for an opportunity to do much at once may breathe out his life in idle wishes, and finally regret his useless intentions and barren zeal.